

Supers

by oddrose

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Summary: HTTYD, ROTG, and Tangled crossover. Superhero AU. At the age of 20, Hiccup discovers he has superpowers. Now admitted to an elite group called The Guardians, he must adapt to this new lifestyle. Battling villains, heartache, and the beast inside of him, Hiccup must now protect the place he calls home and the friends he's come to love.

1. Prologue-Meeting

****So, needed a break from my story Responsibilities and this came to mind. Thinking of making it a full story :)****

* * *

<p>Prologue-Meeting

The world had superheroes. It was no big deal. At least, in the present day it wasn't. Hiccup remembered learning in high school about when the first people, supers, mutants-whatever it was you wanted to call them-emerged. It had been a messy ordeal. The 1940's had been filled with hate and ignorance as those who were discovered with powers were discriminated against.

But, with superheroes came super villains. Not everyone who had messed up genes and mutated cells wanted to use them for the good of all. No shocker there. When the first villain rose, then fell at the hands of heroes, they became _supers. _

There were fewer of them now. Genes carrying the mutated cells died off and now one group remained. They called themselves The Guardians and protected Earth from everything, and everyone, that tried to destroy it.

Never once, in his ordinary, boring, perfectly-average life, did Hiccup Haddock think he would be joining them.

* * *

><p>The air in the jeep was warm; too warm. Hiccup could feel himself sweating underneath his sweatshirt. Maybe it was just him. The two men, both in black suits with black shades, hadn't said a word to him since they took him.<p>

Hiccup shook his head, trying to discard the memory of hisâ€|explosion.

He'd hoped he would get away with it, but a mere three hours later, the suits were banging on his front door. Hiccup lived alone, so no explanations were needed, but he silently wondered if he would ever see anyone from his past life again.

The rubber bottoms of his sneakers tapped repeatedly on the floor of the backseat of the jeep that was now rolling on a dirt road. He didn't remember leaving the highway, but they'd been on the road for hours now.

Wherever they were taking him, they had to be getting close.

"Am I in trouble?" Hiccup said his first words since being shoved in the car. He inwardly cursed as his voice cracked.

The man in the passenger turned his head slightly. Hiccup was surprised he responded at all.

"Don't worry, kid," he told him, in the same gruff voice he'd used hours ago. "We'll take care of everything. Anyone who saw you will have their short-term memory erased."

Saw him. Anyone who saw him loose control. Saw his body transform intoâ€|whatever that was. He still wasn't sure.

"I was alone," Hiccup mumbled. "And walking home. I was walking home after being at work all night. It was so early I don't think anyone saw."

"Good."

There was silence again. The jeep suddenly turned onto another dirt road and Hiccup could see a building approaching. His stomach churned and he gripped his old black backpack tighter.

When they finally pulled up in front of the building, Hiccup was surprised at how normal it looked. It seemed to be a small, simple white house. Flower boxes under the windows were full of color and the dark wood door was bright in the sunlight. There was nothing for miles. As Hiccup emerged from the backseat, he tried to find something on the horizon. Nothing. He was in the middle of nowhere.

The suit that had spoken to him before motioned for him to follow. Together they approached the house and the other suit walked in.

The inside was what Hiccup had expected a place supers called home to look like.

They were in a small room. It was all metal with a single, florescent light above them. One of the suits pressed a small button on the opposite wall Hiccup hadn't noticed and the metal wall slide open to reveal an elevator.

Hiccup hooked his bag on one shoulder then stepped into the small space. Suddenly, he realized he wasn't being followed.

"Aren't you guys coming?" he asked, nervously.

One of the suits-he couldn't really tell them apart-smirked. "Only supers belong down there kid. Good luck."

_Supers. _Hiccup was a super now.

With a final nod, the door closed and Hiccup saw their faces for the last time.

He could feel the elevator moving and moving quickly. His hand felt slick on the strap of his bag and his sneaker continued its tapping. What was going to happen when the door opened? Would he be rejected? Declared a freak or too dangerous to be deemed a protector of Earth? What if he _was_ deemed a protector of the world? What then?

Where he was going was deep; far too deep for any normal building. It was several minutes before the swift elevator came to a stop.

He tried to steady his breath and wipe his sweaty hands on his jeans before the doors opened.

When they did, he ignored the flip of his stomach and entered into a large, widely lit room. The ceilings were high, bookcases covered the walls, and several couches scattered the room. There was even a TV shoved into one of the corners, but Hiccup wasn't paying attention to that.

He was starrng, wide eyed, at the faces in front of him. Of course, he'd seen them several times. They were always on the news, whether as a team or during individual rescues. Their suits stood out brightly in the bright lights and Hiccup suddenly felt awkward in his sweatshirt and jeans.

Taking a breath, he gripped the strap of his bag tighter and raised a palm in greeting.

"Uh, hey," he stammered.

"Hi new guy!" The high pitched, girly voice came from a petite figure. Her blonde hair was knotted in a large braid that fell nearly to her knees and her soft pink outfit reflected her bubbly smile.

Hiccup knew her. Not her _real _name, of course, but her superhero name. He knew all of them.

The one who spoke was Canary. Her sonic voice and healing powers were hidden by her bright smile and innocence that seemed to radiate off of her. She was standing next to the twins, both wearing black and white and sporting similar blonde hair. Evo and Battery were famous for destroying as much public property as they saved. It was almost

expected, one twin could control electricity while her brother could evolve to survive it. What did one expect to happen? Frost with his dark brown hair similar to Hiccup's, had bright blue suit matched the ice and snow that could erupt from his fingertips. Tank was on the opposite side. He smirked and flexed his impressive muscles when Hiccup's eyes landed on him. It was no secret he could carry a building if he tried.

Then, in the middle of the most incredible people Hiccup had ever met, was the most beautiful creature he'd ever seen. Shadow was something different. Her power wasn't as impressive on the eyes, but she was the one you couldn't pay Hiccup enough to fight. Her stealth was the envy of every assassin in the world. Her aim, with any weapon she was handed, never failed. The bright blue eyes she possessed seemed to stand out against the dark gray suit she wore, but that only allowed for Hiccup to see them narrow at him easier.

"Welcome, new guy." Shadow's voice cut through the air like a knife; a complete contrasts to Canary's. "Ready to be a Guardian?"

* * *

><p>What do you think of the prologue? Hope you all enjoy :) Not sure if this will be a drabble series, or full fledged story. Send me your opinions :)

2. What Makes Me Super

I got some great responses :) thanks everyone! Heres the next chapter.

Oh and they wont always come out this quickly. I was just super eager :)

* * *

><p>Shadow's question went unanswered. Before Hiccup had a chance to stammer out a response, Frost stepped forward, a large smile on his face.<p>

"Hey man!" He clapped a hand on Hiccup's shoulder. He could feel the cold seeping through his sweatshirt. "Don't look so nervous. Your life just got a little bit more awesome."

Hiccup felt himself return's Frost's smile and his nerves growing smaller. The twins were still eyeing him carefully.

"He looks like an element boy," Battery said, her voice husky and low. "Probably water or something."

"I don't know," her brother answered. "He's definitely not strength. Too wiry."

It was true. Hiccup reached a little over six feet. His twenty year old frame was skinny and too bony for his liking. He looked nothing like Tank, who was short, but brawny.

"Wiz will scan him," Shadow said. Her demeanor hadn't changed. One hand rested on her hip and Hiccup couldn't help but notice the gun

hooked there. "Make sure he isn't hiding anything."

"Such a ray of sunshine," Frost muttered to Hiccup.

"So, what are you?" Tank demanded. He didn't look like he really cared. More like he was eager to laugh at Hiccup's inferior power.

"I-uh I don't really know," Hiccup admitted. At least his voice didn't crack this time.

"Ooh, a mystery," Canary whispered, excitedly. "You look like you have super speed."

Hiccup wanted to laugh. While it was true he had no idea what to call his power, he knew it wasn't super speed. What happened to him this morning was definitely not simply running fast. Your bones didn't break and expand, skin turn from soft and white to hard, rough black plates, and protrusions grow from your back when you ran. No, Hiccup was something else.

"Just take him to Wiz," Tank said, walking towards one of the many hallways leading out of the room. "Find out what he does. I need to get this suit off."

"Agreed," the twins said unison, following Tank out of the room.

Hiccup watched as they shoved each other. Then, Battery lightly touched a lamp. It flickered out and she used the same finger to press against her brother's forearm. His skin turned to dark charcoal gray, to stone, as a small zap of electricity shot from her fingertips.

It must have been obvious that Hiccup was stalling, because Frost chuckled as he steered Hiccup to another hallway. Shadow led the way, with Canary skipping behind her.

"You'll get used to that," Frost told him, removing his hand from his shoulder. "She keeps hoping one day he'll fail to evolve right, but she never manages to get through."

"It's weird," Hiccup spoke up. "I mean, seeing it all so close up."

They left the room and were in a hallway that didn't match the coziness of the room they left. It made Hiccup think of a school hallway, with the florescent lights and tiled floors. They passed large windows that showed science labs and many mechanic stations. Hiccup silently craved to get in there. One thing he knew he would miss was his job at the garage.

"Like I said," Frost answered. "You'll get used to it."

Canary continued her odd dance and skipping routine. Her large braid swung as she moved and Hiccup swore he heard her humming.

"Is she always like that?" Hiccup muttered as they continued down the hallway.

"Another thing you'll get used to," Frost answered. "You can always bet on that girl being happy, like all the time. Nothing gets her down."

Hiccup watched as Canary wandered too close to Shadow, bumping her with the braid he was sure weighed a ton. Unlike what he expected, Shadow gave the girl a smile and continued walking. So, she was just harsh with him.

Frost seemed to read his thoughts.

"She's tough on new people," he told Hiccup. "Don't take it personally."

They rounded a few corners in silence. Hiccup was just wondering how he'd even manage to memorize the layout of this place when Shadow went through a set of heavy metal doors.

They were in a lab of some sorts. It was much larger than the ones they passed and didn't have any windows to the hallway. There were several platforms and tables, but only one desk in front of three, large monitors. At the desk, was a heavy set man with headset on. He looked as young as Frost and Hiccup, maybe give or take a couple years.

"New guy arrived," she announced. Her voice didn't have the harshness it held earlier. "Suits found him before he really figured out what he was."

Hiccup figured this was Wiz, the man behind the superheroes. There was always speculations they had some form of communication with a higher intelligence during their battles, but it had never been confirmed.

"Hey there," he said to Hiccup, a very welcoming smile on his face. "Hope you don't mind being hooked up to a machine for a minute."

"Guess not," Hiccup answered.

"Don't worry," Canary chimed in. "It's a body scanner. Shows what you can do."

Wiz began typing furiously into the large keypad and looking intently at one of the monitors.

"Go ahead and take off your shirt and shoes. You can keep the jeans on though."

Frost took Hiccup's backpack from him as he stripped off his sweatshirt. He felt his chest heat up as he unbuttoned his flannel shirt, trying not to make eye contact with Canary and Shadow.

"Our computers picked you up at 5:43," Wiz continued, still working on the computer. "What happened?"

"Your computers found me?" Hiccup asked, dropping the shirt on a nearby table and kicking off his sneakers.

"That's how the feds find us," Shadow answered. Her arms were crossed

over her chest and she gazed unemotionally at Hiccup. Blonde bangs fell in front of one eye, blocking it from his view. "That computer is connected to multiple satellites that are constantly scanning for mutated genes."

"Why didn't it find me before?" Hiccup asked. He tried not dwell on the fact he was shirtless, speaking to the hottest girl he'd ever seen. Not for the first time in his life, he wished he had a bit more in the muscle department.

"Because, they'd never been activated before," she explained. "Your power, ability, whatever technically didn't exist before this morning. It was hidden in your cells. It's like being a carrier of a disease, but not actually showing the symptoms or being sick yourself."

"Okay." Hiccup glanced at Frost, who gave him a smirk. "What activates them?"

"Pain. Anger. Any extreme emotion besides happiness basically. You were either really sad or really pissed off this morning, right?"

For the first time since the early hours of the morning, Hiccup remembered. Saying nothing, he gave Shadow a stiff nod.

"Why do I carry it?" he asked, before she could ask more on the subject.

"Back in the day there was a lot of radiation going around," Wiz explained. He'd stopped typing and moved to one of the platforms, messing with a tangle of wires. "Testing nuclear bombs came with some consequences. Mutated genes get passed down. Some activate, some never do. They never become activated until after puberty though. When it does happen, your cells let off small amounts of radiation. Nothing harmful, but it's unique enough that we pick it up. Our computer alerts a small department of the government. You know what happens after that."

Hiccup nodded, soaking in all this new information. So, he had a bloodline of mutated genes. Wiz nodded for him to come over and Hiccup stepped up on the platform. The metal was cold on his bare feet, but he tried not to let it show.

"So, you have no idea what happened when your cells activated?" Wiz asked, placing the tangled wires under an open tile on the platform.

Hiccup shook his head, sending several strays of brown hair into his eyes. "No, not really. It-it hurt. Is that normal?"

"Hm, sometimes. It just depends. For example, having ice shoot from your fingertips for the first time can burn or screaming at a volume that shatters stone will make your throat sore before your body adjusts to it. But suddenly having the ability to sneak by people and shoot a bullet that never misses won't affect you the same. It just means you have a more physical ability."

"It was weird," Hiccup admitted. "I couldn't think right. It felt like I was being ripped apart and things were coming out of me. I

didn't feel like I was me."

Shadow raised an eyebrow, arms still crossed, and Wiz looked up thoughtfully while he shut the tile closed.

"Don't worry. In about thirty seconds we'll find out just what your cells are doing to you."

He stepped off the platform and went back to his desk. Hiccup looked to the others. Shadow was still eyeing him carefully, but Frost gave him a thumbs up and Canary clapped her hands excitedly.

Suddenly, glass was rising on all sides of the platforms. They raised above Hiccup, before closing a few feet above his head. There was several whirring sounds and air circulated through the closed glass. He could feel the vibrating of the machine around him, but it didn't block out the voices from outside.

"What do you see?" Shadow asked, leaning over Wiz's shoulder and gazing up at the screen.

"His cells are loose, almost like Tuff's." Hiccup silently wondered why he never heard of that superhero before, then realized it was one of their actual names. "So, his body undergoes drastic physical change. That's why it hurt him so bad."

"But what do they _do_."

"Hang on, hang on," Wiz muttered, staring intently at the screen. Then, his eyes grew wide. Hiccup felt his nerves return watching his face.

"Oh my God."

"What?" Shadow demanded.

"Is he okay?" Canary asked, worryingly. Both her and Frost approached the screen, but it was obvious they didn't understand it.

"His cells," Wiz gasped. "They're two completely different sets of DNA codes embedded in them. They don't just alter slightly, they completely change."

"All of our cells changed." Frost glanced at Hiccup, before looking back at the screen.

"Not like this. Your cells change, but they keep their base DNA. Even with your powers, you're still human."

"And he'sâ€|not?"

"Not when he doesn't want to."

Shadow's mouth dropped and her piercing gaze snapped to Hiccup. The whirring sound ceased and the glass slowly lowered. Hiccup shifted uneasily under her eyes.

"You're a _shapeshifter!_"

Hiccup's mouth dropped, matching hers.

"Are-are you sure?"

"Yep," Wiz declared, still examining the screen. "And it's no normal animal. There's no known match for your second form of DNA. I can't find anything on it."

Hiccup felt numb as he stepped off the platform. He grabbed his shirt and buttoned it up.

He could turn into an animal. Well, something animal like. That explained the feeling of breaking and growing bones. Hiccup felt like he should be freaking out a bit, but he was oddly calm.

"Nice man." Frost pumped a fist in the air. "What if you change into like a werewolf or something? That'd be awesome! You'd have such a cool code name."

"I can't tell you anything about your other form yet," Wiz continued. His eyes were still fixed on the screen. "But your human self has changed too, just not very much."

"I don't feel any different," Hiccup said, looking down at himself.

"It's very slight. In time, you should be able to train your body to enhance yourself even more, but now it's very subtle changes."

"Like?" Shadow pressed.

"The normal stuff. Muscle dexterity, endurance, and it looks like you've developed powerful reflectors in your eyes."

"I have all of this now?" Hiccup asked, slightly amazed.

Wiz nodded. "Should we test it out?"

* * *

><p>The training arena impressed Hiccup more than anything else. It was like a large pit, with padded walls and a walkway on the edge of it, allowing onlookers to see what was happening. There were large cracks in the cement floors and scorched marks on the some of the pads. Targets lined one wall while weights lined the another.<p>

The Guardians stood around Hiccup, now all their normal clothes. It was awkward, seeing them dressed like average people; almost unnerving.

Hiccup tried not to look at Shadow. While he felt surer of himself than when he arrived, locking eyes with her penetrating gaze always made his stomach flip again.

"Okay, new guy," Tank spoke up. When he, Evo, and Battery had been filled in on Hiccup's power, they were just as eager to see what he could accomplish. "Try not to phase. We want to see what your human self can handle."

"Can we stop calling him 'new guy'," Battery groaned. "It's getting

old."

Canary gasped, yet another smile breaking out on her face. She clapped several times and did a little dance.

"We never did introductions!" she squealed. Her large braid was swinging dangerously close to Frost, who side stepped away from it.

"I'm Punzie," Canary continued. "My real name is too long, so I prefer the nickname. You know what each of us does, right?"

"Um, the basics," Hiccup admitted. Supers never gave the specifics of their powers to the public. It'd be too easy for a villain to figure out how to defeat them.

"I can control my vocal cords to match the frequency of things around them, causing them to shatter," she explained. Canary, or rather Punzie, then grabbed her large braid and brought it in front of her. "When I sing, at the right note, my hair can heal whatever wound it's touching or myself. If I cut it, the energy inside escapes."

Hiccup nodded, thankful for an explanation for her mass of hair. He silently wondered how long it would be if the braid came undone.

"Jack," Frost said, giving a fake bow. "Basically I absorb the water in the air and change it to ice. Pretty simple."

"My names Ruff," Battery said. "And my idiot brother is Tuff. I can take in electricity from whatever I touch and control it. Tuff here-."

"Evolves," her brother said, giving her a hard shoved. "My cells evolve on their own to keep me alive. I don't even have to think about it. I fall in water, I instantly grow gills. My dumb sister tries to shock me, my skin turns to stone. It really takes zero effort on my part."

Hiccup smirked as his sister shoved him back, but Tank quickly spoke up.

"Snotlout. There's nothing _sciency_ and boring about me," he scoffed. "I could carry a train if I wanted."

"I'm Astrid."

Figures. The goddess of beauty definitely fit the girl in front of him, especially when she wasn't using her _mean _voice. Hiccup waited for her explanation on her abilities, but none came.

"Uh, Hiccup." God, he always hated telling people his name. He didn't care that it was passed down and a family tradition. People probably thought his parents were high when they picked a name for their child. "My names Hiccup."

"_Hiccup_," Snotlout scoffed. "Damn that's bad."

He walked away, snickering. No one seemed to share in his amusement though. Astrid narrowed her eyes at his retreating figure, then

turned back to Hiccup.

"All we're going to do is see where your limits are in this form," she explained. "After we figure that out, we can focus on controlling when you phase."

Wiz stood against the railing that lined the top of the arena. Hiccup could easily see the tablet in front of him that he was reading a list off of.

"Test his muscle strength first," he called down to them. "The computer shows he should be able to hold more than an average human. It's nowhere near Snotlout though."

"Damn right it's not," Snotlout muttered, walking back to the group. From the wall of weights he grabbed a plain, metal rod and thrust it into Hiccup's hands. "We'll add weights to this until you can't handle it. Don't watch us, just look straight ahead."

Hiccup nodded, situated the bar in his hands held it above him, then looked at Punzie in front of him.

"Nervous?"

"You have no idea," he grunted. He could hear the sliding of metal against the pole above him and the shuffling of the group, but his arms had yet to feel the weight.

"I do actually," she giggled. "I was a mess when they brought me here. I hadn't figured out how to control my vocal cords and kept blowing everyone's ear drums."

Hiccup let out a short laugh. There were more sounds of sliding metal. Hiccup could feel the pressure now, but it wasn't heavy.

"How ya doing Hiccup?" Jack asked from his side.

"Keep going. I barely feel it."

More sounds of sliding metal. The pressure increased, but it was still bearable. After about a minute of this, Hiccup could finally feel the weight adding up.

"Snotlout," Astrid called from somewhere behind him. "They're too heavy now. We can't carry them."

Hiccup felt this one. He grunted and, holding tight onto the bar, managed to keep it upright. He knees were starting to buckle and sweat droplets were appearing on his forehead.

"Okay," he said through his teeth. "I think I'm done."

The weight was suddenly removed. He took in a deep breath and turned to see Snotlout holding the bar at his side with one hand.

"Better than expected," Snotlout admitted, tossing the weights aside. The sound echoed through the room, but no one paid it any attention.

"Way better than expected," Astrid said. "That was nearly seven

hundred pounds."

"No way," Hiccup asked. His mouth went a little slack and could feel the corners inching up. "Are you serious?"

"Yep. You train yourself a bit and you'll be lifting way more than that."

Hiccup looked around and saw Jack's surprised, but impressed smirk. Snotlout wasn't sneering at him. Punzie had, again, starting dancing happily and the twins were nodding in approval. He looked at Astrid last and was surprised to see the corner of her mouth turned up too.

For the first time since arriving there, Hiccup was finally starting to feel like a super.

* * *

><p>So, reviews? comments? concerns? let me know! hope you all enjoyed this!

3. Painful Explosions

So, this chapter explores what Hiccup can do in finer detail. Soon, the action and adventure will start ;) but every hero needs their backstory! hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>Hiccup was in shock, complete and utter shock, over what his body had become.<p>

He'd spent the entire afternoon in the training arena, pushing and testing himself. Not everyone stayed the whole time. They would wander in and out, occasionally leaving to various parts of complex Hiccup had yet to see. The only person to stay indefinitely was Astrid.

Whether it was because she feared what he would do if she left him alone or that she actually wanted to be there, Hiccup didn't know. Sometime she would help, guiding him and providing advice. Other times, Astrid would stand quietly off to the side. Hiccup often forgot she was there, until she felt the need to help.

Now, in what Hiccup guessed to be late that evening, they were all back. He didn't even try to hide his ecstatic, goofy grin. Not only had they'd discovered Hiccup's strength improved, but he could also run for _ages_ before tiring. Astrid measured he went around the arena for six miles before the first beads of sweat appeared on his forehead.

However, the one that got Hiccup _really_ excited, nearly as much as when he found he could carry seven hundred pounds, was the one he didn't quite understand. When Wiz mentioned Hiccup had powerful reflectors in his eyes, he was uneasy about what that meant. It wasn't until Ruff climbed one of Jack's snowbanks and touched the lights that he knew.

The lights flickered out, covering the arena a thick, black blanket, but Hiccup could still _see_.

It wasn't clear. Most of the images were fuzzy, but he could still spot Astrid's form leaning against the wall on the other side of the arena before Ruff returned the lights.

Astrid didn't let him linger in his euphoria for too long. She was eager to move one, to see what Hiccup was really capable of.

That's why he was once again standing in front of everyone, nervous as hell, but excited.

"I don't know to do it," he said for what seemed like the hundredth time. "I don't know how to switch it on and off."

"No one does at first," Jack answered, but stayed back in the group. No one was standing too close to Hiccup.

"You have to remember what set you off," Astrid explained. "I know it sucks, but we all had traumatic experiences that activated us. Pay attention to how your body _feels_ while you phase, what it does. Then, you should be able to do it without being upset."

Hiccup nodded, but still eyed the group anxiously.

"What if it goes wrong?"

"Don't worry," Tank sneered, flexing his arms. "You won't do any damage here."

Still unconvinced, Hiccup tried to focus. It was hard to imagine it'd only been this morning that he'd been half-asleep and walking back to his crappy apartment. He could see it all; the abandoned warehouse he stopped in front as his cell phone vibrated furiously in his pocket; his stomach clenching when he saw '_DAD' _flashing across the screen; his stunned hands dropping the phone as his father's words echoed in his headâ€|

The pain hit Hiccup like a ton of bricks. For a split second, it was only mental, but the combination of grief and anger pulsing through his veins quickly fueled a fire inside of him. His spine grew hot, hotter than any burn Hiccup could possibly imagine.

In the morning, this was when he lost himself. It was the moment when he couldn't tell if he, or the thing inside of him, was in charge of his mind.

He was thankful that wasn't the case this time. He could still _think._

Hiccup gripped the sides of his head and took a stumbling step backwards as another flash of heat traveled the length of his spine. It shot through his ribs, his legs, his armsâ€|everything was heat and fire. The burning sensation consumed him like a wildfire to a forest.

Jack made to step towards him, an outstretched hand in front of him, but Hiccup stumbled backwards a second time.

"_Get back!"_ The voice, the menacing growl, which erupted from his clenched teeth was the last thing Hiccup's human body accomplished, before he exploded.

It happened much quicker than the first time. Hiccup dropped to his hands and knees as the heat became too much for him to handle. His muscles were screaming, ripping and his bones knocked out of place. With his eyes squeezed shut in pain, Hiccup clenched his fingers against the cement, but was met with a sound of cracking stone. Fabric tore around him and his shoulder blades sliced through his back. Hiccup couldn't hold bit back any longer. He let out a yell of pain, but instead heard something much deeper and darker.

A roar.

Hiccup's teeth cut into his lip and a metallic taste filled his mouth. His limbs stretched and grew. Something heavy, like a wet blanket, flapped on either side of him.

Then suddenly, after what seemed like hours, but was truly only a few seconds, the heat stopped. The agonizing ache in his muscles ceased and his bones didn't feel out of place. Hesitantly, he finally managed to open his eyes.

Where his hands were supposed to be were large, black claws, five times the size of what they should be. They had managed to dig themselves into the stone underneath below him. His arms, at least he thought they were his arms, had grown tremendously in width and covered themselves with black scales that matched the claws.

Looking up, he'd realized he hadn't grown much in height. His head was only a couple feet higher up than it had been before, but his neck felt funny. Stretching it out, he twisted his head in discomfort.

The faces in front of him were priceless. The twins were open mouthed, Snotlout looked ready to start attacking him, Wiz was watching from the railing in disbelief, and Jack had slightly sidestepped in front of Punzie. Astrid, however, took a step closer.

"Hiccup?" she asked, quietly. His eyes didn't miss the small movement her hand made to her hip. "You still in there?"

He tried to answer, to respond with an excited 'yes!', but instead a weird, light clicking noise came from his throat. He settled for nodding vigorously.

The smile that erupted on her face was mesmerizing. Astrid immediately approached him. The top of her head couldn't even begin to scrape the bottom of his chin, but she went eagerly to his side and rubbed her hand down the length of his neck.

He tried to return her smile, but it felt awkward.

"Aw," Punzie squealed, pushing past Jack. "He's like a puppy!"

"Here that Hiccup?" Jack laughed, joining Punzie as she skipped by Hiccup's side. "You're a puppy now. Very ferocious."

Hiccup narrowed his eyes in annoyance and snorted, but was surprised as a puff of black smoke came through his nostrils.

"What are you?" Astrid asked, mainly talking to herself. He felt something pull on his back and twisted his head to see what she grabbed.

Jumping in surprise, he nearly knocked over his three companions as he finally saw the rest of him.

Astrid had grabbed one of his two, large leathery wings that sat on either side of back, but that wasn't nearly as surprising as the long, black tail that swung out behind him making nearly thirty feet long. His legs matched his arms in both thickness and in the claws that protruded from the edges. Every inch of him was blacker than midnight and covered in scales.

"If you breathe fire I am going to lose my mind," Ruff declared and her brother nodded in agreement.

"Alright so he looks cool," Snotlout said, rolling his eyes. "Big deal."

"You're probably element proof," Astrid commented, ignoring Snotlout. Her hand was still skimming over his side, her nails lightly scraping the scales and testing them. Her small smile of amazement seemed to glow. "And I would bet money that those talons can cut through steel."

"And you can fly!" Punize laughed. She reached up and stroked her hand down Hiccup's jawbone. He was surprised at how long it was. Opening his mouth, Hiccup realized how large it had become. His tongue flopped out, scrapping against his pointed teeth.

Astrid had wandered back up to his head now. The top of her head was a few feet below him, but she tilted her neck, smiling. The blonde bangs fell from in front of her eyes and Hiccup could see the bright blue in them sparkling.

"You really are something," she muttered, patting the black scales on his neck.

* * *

><p>Being a giant reptile was pretty awesome.<p>

It was figuring out how _not _to be one that proved difficult. It was several hours before Hiccup managed to turn back to his normal, lanky, twenty year old self. Everyone, but Astrid, eventually wandered off to their rooms for the night before he figured it out.

Astrid had turned away from his naked body and thrust a pair a sweatpants into hands that he eagerly hurried into.

"Thanks," he mumbled, quickly sliding them onto his hips as she turned around. "Dang. I liked those shoes."

He looked at the shreds of fabric and remains of his sneakers spread across the floor.

"Don't worry," Astrid laughed, heading towards exit. Hiccup quickly followed. "Tomorrow you'll be able to pick through your possessions and decide what you want to keep. That includes clothes."

"My possessions?" he asked, as the two entered the dimly lit hallway. "Where's all my stuff?"

The hallway was eerily quiet. The only sounds were the tapping of Astrid's boots and the soft padding of Hiccup's bare feet.

"The C.I.A. has it all," she responded. "Or, at least, one department of it does. They confiscated everything, made a story of why you left your job and apartment, handled any confused family or friends—all that stuff. We'll head there tomorrow so you can get all your stuff and fake identity."

"We get to leave?" Somehow he'd gotten it stuck in his head that they'd always be underground, unless their heroism was needed.

Astrid soft laugh echoed down the walkway. "We aren't prisoners. We can go anywhere we want. The only reason we live underground so it isn't easy for others to find us."

They walked in silence. Hiccup tried to remember what staircases they were going up and what turns they were taking. It was going to take forever for him to memorize the layout.

"When do I get a superhero name?" he asked. "And a suit?"

"You pick it. It needs to be before our next call so we can tell the public. As for your suit," she smiled up at him. "Wiz has been working on it since he scanned you this morning. It's more difficult than you think. They're all bio suits. They've got living replicas of our cells in them so they can match what we do."

"So, mine will change with me? I won't be naked each time I change back?"

"In theory."

Hiccup finally recognized where they were. If he was correct, Wiz's lab was around the corner and the front room he'd entered through earlier was in front of them. Astrid turned and led him to a hallway with several doorways and no windows to see inside the rooms. She suddenly stopped in front of the closest one and Hiccup stumbled to avoid running into her.

"This is your room," she said, turning to look up at him. "Punz is at the end, Jack is couple down, Snotlout and the twins are around the corner, and I'm right across the hall. The showers are down there. I asked Jack to put your backpack in your room already. Get some sleep. You'll have another busy day tomorrow."

Astrid started to go across the hall, but froze when her hand touched the doorknob.

"Hiccup?"

"Hm?"

"Um, I'm sorry." Her eyebrows knotted together in genuine concern and Hiccup frowned.

"About what?"

"About being harsh to you. We've had problems with new people before. I was just looking out for my friends."

"I know," Hiccup smiled. "Don't worry about."

One corner of her mouth turned up, before she disappeared into her room.

Hiccup copied her and flipped on the light as he walked in. His new bedroom was bigger than his old one, but not by much. There was a double bed with plain, black sheets, some bedside tables, a lamp, and a dresser. There were several hooks aligned on the wall and it took Hiccup a moment to realize they were for his super suit.

He went and grabbed a t-shirt from his bag and shrugged it on, before collapsing on top of the covers. Hiccup was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

* * *

><p>If you didn't get it from the description, Hiccup basically turns into Toothless. Let me know what you all thought :) i love hearing all of your opinions!

4. Road Trip

****Warning! This is a filler chapter. I really like it and it helps the story flow, but I hope you all don't think its too boring. Hope you enjoy!****

* * *

><p>Hiccup groaned into his pillow, before slowly turning over. Strands of hair fell against his closed eyes as he wondered what had woken him up.<p>

Less than a second later, a solid hunk of weight landed on his stomach accompanied with a small giggle.

"_Ooph! _Oh God, uh hi Punzie."

Punzie sat on top of him, still in her purple sleep shorts and a t-shirt. Her eyes were bright and her smile reached across her face as she bounced again on his stomach.

"Time to wake up, Hiccup! You get to go the C.I.A today! Aren't you excited?"

He rubbed a hand over his eyes and stifled a yawn.

"Super excited."

"Punz," came a voice from behind them. Jack leaned against the doorway, smirking. "He's been here less than twenty-four hours. Wait at least one more day before you climb into his bed."

Punzie giggled again, completely oblivious to Jack's innuendo that had Hiccup blushing, then hopped off the bed. He dodged her massive braid, before climbing out of the bed himself.

"How often does she do that?" Hiccup asked, when Punzie was safely in the hallway.

Jack shrugged, still smiling, and motioned for Hiccup to follow him. "Eh, she barges in to everyone's room occasionally. She's an early riser and gets bored. Doesn't really understand personal boundaries."

The two walked down the hallway with Jack in the lead. They went into an open doorway by the front room and Hiccup found himself in kitchen.

Punzie was perched at the table, talking animatedly to Ruff and Astrid. Jack slid over to the table and Hiccup sidestepped the path of ice as he walked over as well.

"Ready for today?" Astrid asked, over the rim of her mug.

Hiccup nodded and grabbed an apple from the bowl on the table. His stomach growled and he realized he couldn't remember the last time he ate.

"You'll need a mask," Punzie piped up. "When you go places and they _know_ you're a super, you always have to wear a mask!"

Ruff nodded as Tuff and Snotlout wandered into the room.

"Are we all going?" Snotlout asked.

"Road trip!" Punzie cheered.

"Where is it?" Hiccup asked, then a more important question hit him. "Where are _we_?"

"Outside of Pittsburg," Snotlout answered, shoving food in his mouth. "C.I.A is in Virginia. Bit of a drive to get out there."

"Stupid agents," Tuff muttered. "I hate seeing suits."

"There job is to protect their country," Punzie replied, happily. "You can't blame them for being nosy about what we do."

"I don't care. I hate going there."

The room fell silent except for the sounds of people eating. Hiccup glanced around, eager to have more answers to the thousand questions running through his head.

"So, uh you said something about a mask?"

"Right here!"

Wiz entered the kitchen, clutching a piece of fabric in front of him. It was obvious he was just as, if not more, excited as Hiccup.

"Spent all night on it. Your suit is nearly done too. I-uh took the liberty of picking your color. I hope you don't mind."

Honestly, Hiccup didn't care much about the color; just as long as it wasn't pink or something. Wiz opened his palm and the piece of pitch black fabric fell into Hiccup's outstretched hand.

The whole thing was black, except a spot on the front. Above the eyes, were solid red lines that ran down and formed a red V above his nose. It wasn't made to cover his full face. It tied like sash and had eye slits. It made Hiccup think of the Lone Ranger.

This was his super mask. His very own super mask.

"No," Hiccup said, hurriedly. "I don't mind at all. This is great."

Astrid drained her mug, then put it loudly down on the table.

"C'mon ladies. You can drool over your clothes later. Let's go."

* * *

><p>Hiccup tugged uncomfortably at the shirt Jack let him borrow. They were the same size in width, but Hiccup was quite a few inches taller. At least, he'd be able to get his own stuff back today.<p>

Tuff, Ruff, and Snotlout had decided to stay behind, but everyone else was walking down a new hallway for Hiccup.

Astrid's heels along with Punzie's humming echoed loudly, but Hiccup barely noticed.

"How are we getting there?" he asked.

"Driving," Jack answered. "We've got a garage that opens out of a hill a ways from the tiny house."

Of course they had a garage in a hill.

After a ride in an elevator, they were in a very large, bright room. Garage doors lined the walls and four cars sat in a line, but there was room for more.

Jack grabbed a set of keys off the wall and immediately headed towards a white car with Punzie, but Astrid reached for a different set of keys. Hiccup's mouth dropped when he saw what she was walking too.

"Oh my God," he exclaimed, striding up to the beauty she was climbing into. "You've got a Challenger?"

Astrid paused as she slid into the driver's seat and smiled.

"Got a thing for cars?"

'A thing for cars' was an understatement. Hiccup remembered when he was eight and took apart his first engine. Of course, his dad had been pretty pissed, but since then Hiccup was always under a hood.

He ran his hand over the light blue paint and smiled impressively at the white racing stripe that ran along the side.

"It's a 1970, right?" he asked, stopping at the passenger door.

Astrid nodded eagerly and patted the door. "She's my baby. Do you want to ride with me?"

* * *

><p>The ride was smooth as they sped down the highway. Hiccup stared out his window, but it wasn't to see the pretty views. It was to prevent himself from starring at the blonde next to him.<p>

The first time he saw her, Hiccup noted how good her looks were, but it was hitting him hard today. It could have been the dark grey mask that highlighted Astrid's blue eyes, her cropped shirt that exposed her stomach and black jeans, or her braid laying over her shoulder. Hiccup was positive, however, it was the fact she was driving a manual in heels that really did him in.

"You'll get a fake identity."

Hiccup jumped. It was the first time she spoke since they got in the car a little over an hour ago.

"What?"

"Today," she continued, eyes staring straight ahead. "You'll get your secret identity and all the paperwork to go with it. Bank cards, birth certificate, school and medical recordsâ€|you'll get all of it. It comes in handy when we go out in public and don't want to be super. It's also for when you retire."

"Retire?"

Astrid rolled her eyes and let out a loud huff of air. "C'mon, Hiccup. You really think supers just die off before they turn thirty. We retire as more supers start to change and fill in our spots. We just melt back into society."

"Are you serious? Like have normal jobs and families."

"Yep," Astrid nodded. "Remember Mr. Flexible from a few years ago? I think he works at a bank. Married some girl he saved from a robot and she popped out a couple kids. Quickster from the 90's went back to school. I'm pretty sure he's a doctor."

"Wow," Hiccup muttered.

"Yeah, nearly every super marries someone they save. Apparently saving someone's life gives two people a pretty big connection."

"Any supers ever end up together?"

Astrid made a face and gave Hiccup a sideways glance, before looking back at the road.

"Are you joking? Supers can't have feelings for each other. It's way too dangerous."

"Um, how?"

"Think about it. You're out there fighting off Doom or Mirror or someone and another super is having trouble but there's a ton of innocent civilians in danger. You get feelings for someone on your team, you'd be more worried about them in a fight than the people you're supposed to be saving. It just doesn't work out."

"Someone should tell that to Jack." Hiccup winced as the words slipped out. He'd never been one to actually think before he spoke.

Astrid, however, didn't seem upset. Instead she pursed her lips and sighed.

"I don't really know what to do about that. He won't admit it to any of us and Punzie is too innocent and oblivious to stuff like that to notice. She is only sixteen. We all see it though; the way he looks at her and how he always makes an excuse to be with her. I just don't know what to do about it."

They fell into an uneasy silence. The drive was supposed to be a few hours long, but, judging by the way Astrid was speeding down the highway, they would be there much sooner.

Hiccup leaned his forehead against the window and tried to organize everything he found out the past twenty-four hours. Had it really only been yesterday morning the suits barged through his front door? He'd only been a lowly garage employee then. Now, here he was, a super with the ability to turn into a giant reptile thing and on his way to the C.I.A. Not to mention Hiccup also had every guy's dream girl sitting a foot away from him.

For a fraction of a second, Hiccup wondered if his dad would proud of him now.

No. No, he wouldn't.

* * *

><p>"Supers have arrived."<p>

"Guardians on first level."

"Unknown super with the group."

The radio calls and whispers surrounded them as they walked through the brightly lit building. Astrid led the way, ignoring the front desk and heading straight down a stairway. No one stopped them, but Hiccup was conscious of the glances and stares directed at him.

Punzie's bright pink mask and ribbon through her hair looked odd in the sea of dull colored suits and ties, but she didn't seem to care. She walked with a skip in her step next to Hiccup, occasionally giving him a reassuring smile. Jack walked on Hiccup's other side, with his bright blue mask tied securely on.

"How'd you manage that?" Jack hissed, watching Astrid's form in front of them.

"What?" Hiccup whispered back. Punzie glanced over curiously and leaned over slightly.

"She never lets anyone in that car. She even gets mad when we look at it too long."

Hiccup shrugged, shoving his hands in his pockets. "I don't know. She found out I like cars. Maybe that's why."

Jack and Punzie looked at each other for a second, before standing up straight again. They were going down a long staircase. The hallway they ended up in was smaller and less impressive than the rest of the building, but Hiccup was sure it was made to be overlooked.

Astrid approached a couple of men standing in front of a set of large double doors.

"Shadow. Frost. Canary," one man said, nodding to each super. "And a new one?"

"That's why we're here," Astrid answered. She motioned for Hiccup to step forward and he obeyed. "Go on in."

* * *

><p>The door slammed behind Hiccup and Astrid felt the urge to go in after him. It was stupid, of course. Every new super needed a chance to have their questions answered in private, but Astrid didn't like waiting.<p>

Jack, to the annoyance of several suits walking by, was skating up and down the hallway. Punzie stayed with Astrid, leaning against the wall next to her.

"I just want to let you know I saw it," Punzie said suddenly. They were far enough away from the suits in front of the door that they shouldn't be overheard, but Astrid still glanced over at them.

"Saw what?" she demanded.

"You think he's cute."

Astrid rolled her eyes and clicked her heels against the hard floor. "I don't think he's cute. You know that can't happen."

"Sure I do," Punzie shrugged. "But you were never one to follow the rules. Besides, I think that he thinks you're cute too."

"Stop it, Pu-Canary."

Punzie smiled softly at her, before skipping down the hall to Jack.

Astrid turned her head and glared at the set of double doors. One thing was sure, this was a set of rules she was determined to follow.

* * *

><p>Plot of the story starts to begin next chapter! Hang in there everyone. please review!

5. High School Fire Drills

The room Hiccup stepped into was cold. Not like Jack's skin cold, but in the way that caused Hiccup's instincts telling him to high tail right back out the door. There were no windows, but a single, lame potted plant was stuck in the corner. Hiccup was pretty sure it was fake. The lights seemed too bright and everything was gray; the tiled floors, the spotless walls, and the single desk situated in the center.

Hiccup noticed the woman at the desk last. Her auburn hair was pulled back into a tight knot on back of her head. It went well with her white power suit, sharp cheekbones pulling on pale skin, and lips set in rigid smile.

"Hiccup Haddock," she said, before he could say anything. Her voice was crisp and assertive; the voice of someone who frequently dealt with higher powers. "Agent Cecelia Crowe, head of Supernatural Detection and Containment. It's a pleasure."

She stood, offering a tight smile and a bony hand that Hiccup nervously grasped, before sitting in the chair opposite of her.

"You know my name?"

Agent Crowe smiled lightly and grabbed a stack of papers on her desk. "Of course. Those were my men who came to get you yesterday. We, that is a select few of us, know everything about you." She began flipping through the sheets. "Medical records from your broken arm in seventh grade, your report card from freshman year, acceptance letter from the Naval Academy-."

"I get it," Hiccup interrupted, but the woman in front of him didn't look offended. Her smile remained as she paused on the page, before slipping it back into the stack. "Do I get to keep anything from my past life?"

"Record wise, no," she answered. "It would be too easy for others to find your friends and family. That information in the hands of the wrong people could be used against you. However, you're free to see your family whenever you want. As long as you're confident they play along with whatever cover story we plant for your disappearance."

"Really? You don't erase their memories or anything?"

"Not always," Agent Crowe answered. "If you're worried they may let

information slip or they'll be in too much danger, then yes. We relocate them to a quiet, small town with another cover story of who they are. It's quite simple actually, but we only do it if you want us to."

"You don't need to," Hiccup told her. "There's no one who would care."

She raised a thin eyebrow. "You're young. No friends? We found your cellphone on the side of the road when we covered up the evidence of your accident. Our records showed you were talking to your dad. Your sudden disappearance won't trouble him?"

"No. Give him whatever cover story you want. He'll believe it."

Agent Crowe looked at him a moment longer, before making a small note on the page. "I'm sure you're overwhelmed. Suddenly being thrown in with that group as to be nerve wracking."

"Ma'm." The buzzing voice comes from a small box on the desk in between the two. Agent Crowe furrowed her eyebrows, before pressing a button to respond.

"What is it?"

"Shadow is requesting to come in."

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief. He wasn't sure he liked this woman much and was eager to no longer be alone with her.

"No," Agent Crowe snapped to Hiccup's disappointment. "We haven't finished. She can wait."

The buzzing noise stopped and Hiccup tried not to sink under the woman's sharp gaze. He shouldn't have felt intimidated by someone he knew he could throw through a wall if he wanted, but it was unavoidable.

"I'm going to be blunt, Hiccup," she said suddenly, her tight smile forming again. "The S.D.C has taken care of supers since the beginning. We built your underground home, hunt down your new recruits, and make sure everything is set for your future life. All we ask is that we hold your loyalty."

"Uh," Hiccup stammered, taken aback by the course the conversation had taken. "I am American. I'm not gonna go fight for North Korea or China or-or Italy if that's what you're asking."

"Kind of," she laughed, but it wasn't heartwarming. Hiccup winced at the sound. "We just want to know you support the C.I.A and S.D.C in all that we do."

"Uh, sure," Hiccup answered, uncomfortably.

"Wonderful, now-."

There were several loud thuds from outside the door and Hiccup turned just as Astrid strode through, stepping over the bodies of the two large men.

"Shadow," Agent Crowe called out, her voice stiff. "I wish you'd stop beating up my agents. I really do hate finding new ones."

"Sorry," Astrid answered, smirking and not sounding sorry at all. To Hiccup's amusement, she sounded smug. "They kept telling me I couldn't come in. I was getting bored."

Her heels clicked against the floor until she came to rest next to where Hiccup was seated. He looked back to Agent Crowe, who had lost her tight smile.

"We were just finishing up," she replied, reaching into drawer and pulling out a thick, yellow folder. "Here. This is everything you'll need for a cover. Remember, when going places when people know you're super _where your mask._ When you aren't, make sure you don't bring attention to yourself. Its rather annoying covering things up."

"Thanks," Hiccup answered, taking the folder. "One question, how many people know who I really am?"

Agent Crowe smiled again, but it didn't match her eyes. "Me."

* * *

><p>Hiccup shoved the last box into the back of Astrid's car. Agent Crowe wasn't happy when Punzie and Jack came in after Astrid and was eager to direct Hiccup to the room where his belongings were being kept. It had only taken a few minutes to find the wrinkly, slightly torn photograph and shove it in his pocket before anyone saw and after that, with the help of his friends, he was done minutes later.<p>

"Thanks for the warning about creepy lady," Hiccup laughed as he slammed the door shut. Astrid, who was waiting in the driver's seat didn't say anything. "I kept thinking she was going to arrest me or something."

Still no response. Hiccup glanced sideways at her as he buckled in, trying to think what could have changed during the small amount of time they spent in the building.

"You okay?" he asked her as she sped off into traffic. Jack's car was closely behind them.

"Super," she muttered, starring ahead.

They were silent the entire way back home. It was awkward, extremely uncomfortable, and just down right painful. Towards the end, Hiccup was wishing he caught a ride with Jack instead.

The sun was setting when Astrid zoomed through the hillside and Hiccup eagerly jumped from the car. She stalked off, without a single word, with Punzie following. Jack, however, came to help Hiccup grab his stuff.

"Damn," he muttered, when the girls had disappeared. "What'd you do?"

"I have no idea!" Hiccup whispered, urgently. "She just sat there the whole time."

The two gathered everything and began heading towards Hiccup's room when Jack started talking again. "I've been here for three years now and that's how she normally is. Honestly, it was weird when she was being _friendly _with you. That's not Astrid. She doesn't open up to just anyone. Don't take it personally."

Despite Jack's advice, Hiccup still felt like he screwed up somewhere. Someone didn't train you for a whole day and invite you to ride in her kick ass car, then suddenly ignore you for no reason.

"Does anyone else have emotional problems I should know about?"

"Punzie will cry if you squish a bug in front of her."

Hiccup snorted and continued down the hallway. It was weird, how close he suddenly felt towards Jack. It'd been awhile he had any true friends. While it was weird and different, it was a nice feeling.

A few minutes later, Hiccup flipped on the light to his room. He let out a loud gasp and Jack gave him a nudge.

"Nice man! Wiz must have been busy!"

Hanging on the hook, was black fabric. Red was visible in the mix and Hiccup felt himself grinning. His super suit was finally done.

"Oh my God. I wanna try it out," he exclaimed, dropping the box on the bed.

"Do it!" Jack pumped a fist in the air, dropping his box as well. "Dude, now its official!"

Suddenly, causing both boys to jump, a loud blaring wail erupted from the walls. The lights flashed and Hiccup was reminded of fire drills in high school. Jack punched Hiccup's shoulder and jumped back by the door, frost already emitting from his fingertips.

"Suit up!" he yelled. "Time for you to see some action!"

Hiccup's stomach fell and he looked back to the super suit. Now it was time to see what being a super was all about.

* * *

><p>"Bomb alert in Pittsburgh. Some whack job strapped civilians with explosives in a skyscraper."<p>

"How many?"

"Civilians? At least twenty."

"No way they're working alone."

"No conformation on number of suspects. Most likely armed."

"Powers?"

"None. Human."

The sounds of several sets of feet echoed through the hallway as they all rushed to the garage. Hiccup tried not to stare at the group of people around him, but it was difficult. They all looked so _impressive._

Punzie's small dress and leggings were bright and bubbly, but the determination and seriousness in her eyes was something Hiccup hadn't seen in person before. It was almost _scary_. _Jack carried a long staff with him. It was brown, unlike the bright, shiny blue of his suit. He mentioned it helped control the ice flow and accuracy when hitting targets. They could practically hear the electricity emitting off Ruff. Every light she walked by flickered. The black and white covering her body matched Tuff's, who kept changing his skin into different elements. Snotlout was flexing as he stomped, his orange suit tight over his overly large muscles, but Astrid was the one who walked with the most confidence; her gray pants and gun holster hanging off her hip, shirt tight on her torso, and blonde braid swinging behind her.

They were the most incredible, _intimidating_, people Hiccup ever met and he was one of them.

His suit was black, just like his mask, but had a thick lines of red down his arms and a red 'V' across his chest. His torso was tight against the fabric, but thankfully his pants weren't tight. They were cargo styled like Astrid's.

Wiz's voice buzzed in his ear from the small device they'd shoved in. Hiccup was relieved he wouldn't be completely alone during his first super experience.

"No jet," Astrid said, as they entered the garage. "We're close enough. Drive fast everyone."

"And kick some ass!" Snotlout yelled.

"That too."

The garage door opened as everyone rushed into cars and Hiccup was momentarily stopped, wondering which one to jump into.

"Test drive those wings, reptile boy!" Tuff yelled, slamming his door shut.

"Make a grand entrance!" Ruff exclaimed, pumping a fist in the air.

Jack gave him a reassuring nod, before Hiccup ran out of the garage. He could hear the roaring of the cars starting up behind him as he ran. Focusing, he remembered what his body did; how his muscles stretched, how his shoulder blades detached, the heat racing up his spineâ€¦

As the cars raced past him on either side, Hiccup exploded. It happened in a matter of seconds and wasn't nearly as painful as the

past times. His large, leathery wings caught the air and lifted his body off the ground. With one beat, he was with the cars, racing above them.

Hiccup could feel it. He felt the rush of air that his wings pounded against, he could feel the fire in his throat, and he felt excitement in his bones, powering the claws protruding from his appendages. His tail whipped in the wind and his lip pulled back over his pointed teeth. He could feel the power in him; the strength fueled by that one moment of fury. Honestly, Hiccup felt pretty badass.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Hiccup knew his super name. It might have been glancing down at his black scales that triggered it or remembering the first time he phased. Whatever the reason was, he gave a loud roar into the sky.

He was Night Fury.

* * *

><p>action next chapter!

6. Decisions

So it was pointed out to me in modern times it would be super easy to tell someone's identity if they were just wearing a face mask. Of course this is true, but im trying to stick to the old fashioned superhero style. So, even though yes in the real world you could tell who they are, in superhero world you cant lol

hope you all enjoy!

* * *

><p>About twenty seconds after flying into the sky for the first time, Hiccup realized it was not all it was cracked up to be. If he moved his tail too much, he flipped on his side. Flapping his wings too much caused himself to become unstable, while not flapping them enough practically had him falling out of the sky.

"_Don't crash, Hiccup." _The female voice crackled in his ear. He thankful Wiz's invention had actually worked. _"We don't have time to bandage you up."_

Hiccup gave an irritated snort and tried to keep his tail steady. The cars sped below him, weaving in and out of the traffic among them. His thoughts immediately went to the people in them and wondering what they thought when they looked out their windows; what they would think when they saw his reptilian, ominous figure speeding above them.

"_Hiccup!" _This time it was Wiz. _"I want you to try something. You have a bunch of built up heat in your throat. Make a movement like coughing and see what happens."_

"_Are you sure that's a good idea?" _Astrid's voice crackled with skepticism and Hiccup glanced down at the Challenger below him. _"We're in 'saving people mode.' Not 'let's see what happens when I do this mode.'_"

Hiccup didn't really see the problem. Opening his mouth a bit, he tighten the muscles in his throat and then-_BAM!_

His wings flailed in the air, a surprise screech cutting through the air as a blue blast shot from between his jaws. His teeth and gums could feel the heat, but it didn't burn. It travelled a small ways in front of him, before exploding in a fiery blast. He flew through the smoke, the flames and burning air not harming him at all. Several voices crackled in his ear at once, but Hiccup could only focus on one thought running repeatedly through his mind.

He just breathed fire.

"Hiccup!" Astrid yelled, slamming a fist against her steering wheel. Punzie leaned forward, watching the explosion in the sky. Both girls could hear Hiccup's screech through their earpieces and from above them. "God, he's going to blow up the city."

"_Is Hiccup breathing fire?" _Snotlout groaned from the car in front of them.

"Apparently," Astrid grumbled. "Hiccup, keep that bottled up."

There was an answering roar from above them.

Punzie gave Astrid a raised eyebrow, but didn't say anything. She kept her eyes on the road and the large shadow covering them. It wasn't swaying as much, thank goodness, but Astrid was still concerned about his flying and his apparent ability to freaking breathe fire.

They raced into the city a mere few minutes later. Astrid's car squealed to a stop in front of a line of police cars surrounding one of the tallest buildings. There was a crowd of people as well, but they were being held back on the opposite sidewalk. As usual, there were cheers of admiration as Astrid and her friends stepped from the cars, but they ignored it.

"What's the situation?" she asked briskly, as the police chief approached her. She liked the man. They'd had many encounters in the past and she was never disappointed with his work ethic.

"They want a ransom," his gruff voice answered. She didn't miss the worry and anxiousness there as well. "There were at least ten men who took over the building, firing bullets in the air. We know they're keeping the hostages somewhere near the top, but we haven't been able to get far enough in to figure out more."

"There has to be more than ten for them to take the whole building," Astrid muttered, gazing up at it. Her friends joined by her side and Punzie nudged her arm.

"Shadow," she hissed. "Wheres-?"

Her question was cut off as a high pitched whistle stung their ears. The officers and the crowd of civilians all ducked, some screaming and some shouting out in surprise as a large set of black wings crashed into the nearest police cruiser.

Astrid slapped a hand to her forehead and squeezed her eyes shut. Leave it to Hiccup to crash land into the chief's cruiser. She heard the click of the officers' guns as they pointed it to the wreck.

"Oh God," she mumbled, slowly opening her eyes again. "Don't uh-don't shoot. He's one of us."

"One of you?" the chief asked hesitantly, before lowering his gun.

The black mass had slightly embedded itself into the pavement as well as the crushed car. Hiccup rolled over, his wings stretching far above his body. Frightened gasps could be heard from the crowd, but the screaming stopped. Without warning, the wings shrank down and the black mass could no longer be seen. Hiccup popped up from the wreckage. His brown strands of hair were messy and he had slight smudges of dirt on his face, but otherwise he was unharmed.

"Uh, sorry about," he said, awkwardly climbing out of the shards of metal. "Guess I have to work on my landing."

Snotlout snickered, but stopped when Jack gave him a sharp jab in the ribs with his staff. Astrid rolled her eyes, but turned her attention to her friends when Hiccup joined them.

"Okay everyone. We've got lives at risk here. If those bombs go off, not only do all those people die but the building will most likely collapse. Chief, get everyone off the street. We can't take any risks. We don't know how many men are in there, but they're armed and dangerous. They're most likely patrolling the hallways and any staircases or elevators. Evo and Battery, you guys stay on the first floor. Any one makes a run for it, you stop them. Tank, make your way upstairs with Canary. You two take anyone out on the way. Wiz, anyway you can get inside the security cameras in the building?"

"_Sorry, Shadow. They've shut off the power. I can't get in. I think you guys are on your own here."_

"No problem. We can handle it."

Hiccup was in awe of her leadership, her drive to be in control. It wasn't greedy power or a large ego, but her natural calling. The determination on her face took over the members of the group. No one had a problem when Astrid called out a plan.

The blonde turned to Jack and Hiccup, braid swinging and blue eyes narrowing. "Frost, you and I are going straight to the top. We need to bypass the men patrolling. First we'll try to negotiate and if that doesn't work—well, you know what we'll need to do. And you-." Her penetrating gaze landed on Hiccup.

"Night Fury," he interrupted.

"Night Fury," Astrid started again, a small smirk on her face. "You're getting me up there."

The group dispersed. Evo, Battery, Tank, and Canary all took off for the double set of glass doors. Jack slid towards the side of the building, ice flowing in front of him as he slid upwards. There wasn't time for Hiccup to ask if Astrid was sure she trusted him

enough to carry her up in the air, but he gave her one last skeptical look to show his fear before phasing.

Astrid didn't miss a beat as she grabbed his neck and pulled herself up on his inky black scales. She removed her gun from her hip, tightened her hold around his neck. It was too large for her to wrap her arms around and she had the momentarily fear of falling, but a moment later the wings were unfolding next to her and his legs were crouching, before he shot upwards.

The wind stung her face and whipped her braid behind her, but she didn't mind. Instead, she was more focused on him staying steady than anything else. He was less wobbly than he had been on the highway, but his body still shifted uncomfortably beneath her and the large, blanket like wings beating on either side of her were disorientating.

The ordeal lasted less than twenty seconds. Hiccup skimmed the flat top of the building and Astrid slid off his body, dropping to the ground. Just as Jack jumped from a sheet of ice onto the roof, Hiccup skid to a stop, slamming into the cement set of doors. Astrid rolled her eyes again and stalked to him as he phased back into a man just trying to get his balance.

"Sorry," he muttered again, noticing a large crack in the wall.

"At least you didn't drop me," she muttered, shoving past him and wrenching open the door. The incoming sunlight provided enough light for them to see the beginning of a staircase, but below them was pitch black.

Jack tapped lightly on her earpiece. "Battery, we need some light in here."

"_I'm already on it_," the voice hissed in their ears. "_They shut off the power. I'm stealing some from across the street now. It'll be a second._"

"We don't have a second," Hiccup said to the pair standing next to him. "C'mon."

To Astrid's surprise, he grabbed her hand and started descending down the stairs. She quickly holstered her gun and grabbed Jack's forearm, ignoring the coldness of it. They descended into the darkness and Astrid had to rely completely on the invisible hand in the dark that was clutching her own.

"You okay?" Hiccup voice suddenly said from the gloom as they rounded a corner.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Astrid snapped. She was the one who'd been doing this for years, not him.

"I dunno," his voice answered. She could feel his arm move as she shrugged. "I can hear something thumping, like dully, but really fast. I think it's your heartbeat."

Jack coughed back a laugh and Astrid dug her nails into his forearm, wondering if Hiccup would be able to see her red face in the darkness.

"So, now you breathe fire _and_ hear well," she mumbled.

"Only because it's so quiet," he whispered back. "Trust me, it's weird for me too."

They continued in the black for only a moment later, when Hiccup stopped and fumbled with a door handle. At that moment, the hall lights flickered on. Astrid immediately threw Hiccup's hand away and dislodged her nails from Jack's arm.

They were in a long hallway. It looked like an office building. There was glass shattered from broken pictures on the floor and bullet holes in the ceiling. Astrid dislodged her gun again and took the lead.

"Thanks for the lights," she mumbled, tapping her earpiece. "Tank? Canary? Progress?"

"_Making our way up_," Tank's brute voice answered. "_We've run into two people so far. The cops weren't kidding when they said they're armed. They've got some heavy duty stuff."_

"We'll be careful," Hiccup replied to his own earpiece.

"You be especially careful," Astrid said, raising her gun and stepping quickly through the hallway. "Until you figure out how to do this, try to stay on the sideline. I don't have time to keep you out of trouble to."

"Got it," Hiccup answered sarcastically.

They rounded a corner and Hiccup jumped back as a piece of the wall exploded in front of his face. Astrid's gun jerked twice and two _thuds_ hit the ground. The bodies of the men now slumped against the floor were in heavy duty vests, cargo pants, and combat boots holding onto pairs of guns that could do some serious damage.

"Did he get you?" Astrid asked, nodding towards the bullet hole in the wall aligned with Hiccup's face. He shook his head and the three continued to the double set of doors the men had been standing in front of.

"Your hearing would come in handy right now," Astrid hissed in front of the door. "What's on the other side?"

Hiccup looked at the door and focused, furrowing his eyebrows and ignoring the slow _thump_ of his companions hearts, the soft air of their breathing—there were hushed voices. Many of them to be in fact. A soft sniffle. Nearly silent whimpering. The _click_ of several weapons—

"They're there," he answered. "The hostages and—|whoever these guys are."

Astrid didn't need any prodding. She burst through the doorway, gun raised with Jack and Hiccup right behind her.

It was exactly what Hiccup guessed. In the middle of the large office, were two dozen people. Each had a black vest with several

wires and dark gray box attached to it. Hiccup's mask of intimidation faltered when he saw the faces; wet, trembling, and full of petrifying fear. His worry instantly turned to anger when he saw the faces of four small children in the middle.

It was no longer a mask of intimidation. It was true rage and ferocity. He wanted to make these men pay for what they were doing.

There were fifteen of them in all. All standing around the civilians, guns raised and faces set in hard sneers. Their leader was clear. He was a large man, with black eyes and a yellow smile. His gun lay casually at his side and he took a step closer to Astrid. Her face never faltered nor did the steady grip on her gun. Jack slightly raised his staff, eyeing each of the men around them.

"Ah, supers," the leader chuckled darkly. "I was wondering when you'd show up. Like what I've done? I know bombs are rather unoriginal, but they get the job done."

"What do you want?" Astrid demanded.

The men all stepped closer. Astrid shifted her gaze, but kept herself pointed at the one in charge. Jack angled himself on her right and Hiccup did the same on her left, a little unsure what he should do if things went sour.

"I've already told them," the man said, almost like he was bored. He took a small box from his pocket and Hiccup could see a small button. "We want cash. Fifty million to be exact."

"What makes you think they'll hand over that kind of money?" Jack asked, narrowing his eyes at the men in front of him.

The man laughed again and it only fueled the fire that starting burn inside Hiccup's chest. "I've got a button here that can end the lives of these people very quickly, but they're also on a timer. I'd say we have about ten minutes before this building goes down."

One of the children, a small girl with red braids, gave a small wail of fear, more tears overflowing her puffy eyes.

"Shut up!" One of the men yelled, pointing his gun into the middle of the crowd. A second later, he fell to the ground with a crash, his body covered in a sheet of thin ice. The leader raised a hand, a single finger on the button.

"Watch it!" he yelled. "I move my finger, we all go."

"Just let them go," Astrid said softly. "We can all leave together. We can help you talk to the police-."

"I don't think so," the man interrupted. "We've come this far. I want the money. Now. Or this whole place blows."

"Freeze the bombs," Astrid hissed out of the corner of her mouth.

"Not when they're strapped to their bodies," Jack whispered back. "They'd freeze too."

"I'll be honest," the man continued. "I might just blow them up for fun, money or no money. I'm sure the kids will love that."

Suddenly, Hiccup's head erupted in pain. A high pitched wailing pierced his head and clouded his vision. He clamped his hands over ears. Turning, he was greeted with the sight of Punzie and Snotlout in the open doorway. Punzie mouth was wide open, screaming wildly at the group in front of her.

It ended as sooner as it started. In the moment of confusion, some of the men dropped their guns. Jack's staff slashed out and the leader agonizing yell filled the room. His hand enveloping the small box was covered in a thick sheet of ice. Astrid's gun went off, in several directions, causing multiple men to drop. Snotlout ran to the civilians and began tearing off their vest strapped so tightly to them.

A man ran at Hiccup, who dodged the hit and shoved the man into the wall beside him. When he was knocked out cold he turned and saw the room cleared. The leader knelt on the ground, pounding his ice fist into the tile, but doing it no harm. His men laid on the ground around him; some covered in ice, some shot down, and others taken out by strength.

"Start leading them out. Tell the police what happened," Astrid said to Snotlout. "We'll get the rest."

The burly man led out a large group of tearfully relieved civilians with Jack, while Punzie began unstrapping the remaining people. Astrid approached the man, stalking up to him slowly with the foulest look of reproached evident on her face.

Hiccup wanted, _craved_, to join her, but instead he went to Punzie.

"Get them out," he said, nodding towards the people she'd manage to unstrap. "I'll finish up."

Punzie nodded and left with the people she saved. Hiccup turned his attention to the few who remained; a middle aged man with a suit that looked like it cost more than Astrid's car, a grey haired woman, and the small, red haired girl.

"Bless you," the woman sniffled, when Hiccup removed the contraption off her. "Bless you all. Who are you?"

"Night Fury," he replied, ripping off the man's as well. They both left the room quickly while Hiccup undid the girl's. Tears still flowed freely, but silently down her face and he felt a rush of guilt when her lip trembled.

"I want my mama," she said softly when he had finished.

"I know," he answered.

Astrid had evidently silenced the leader. She looked up at Hiccup as he dropped the bomb into the pile with others. For a moment, the grief of what almost happened vanished. She smirked lightly but gave Hiccup an approving nod. Hiccup felt himself smile back, the warmth

in his chest changing from a raging fire to soft embers. The girl, small and fragile, wrapped her arms tightly around Hiccup's leg and Astrid's small laughed echoed in the room.

Then, suddenly, everything went horribly wrong.

Several _beeps_ came from the pile of black vests and Hiccup's insides turned as cold as Jack's skin. He looked down, at the girl clinging to him knowing he could phase with her, burst through the wall and get her out. Then his gaze snapped to Astrid, clear across the room, who wasn't any kind of fireproof.

Hiccup had about two seconds to decide who to save.

* * *

><p>duh duh duhhhhhhh

please review!

7. Doing It Wrong

**aaannnnd next chapter. most of you predicted what would happen :) well done lovely readers! **

so thought i would list the ages of the supers because i got a few questions on it.

Ages:

Hiccup-20

Astrid-19

Punzie-16

Jack-19

Snotlout-20

Ruffnut-18

Tuffnut-18

* * *

><p>Blood pounded in Hiccup's head as he gazed at Astrid, her blue orbs growing wide with realization. The beeping, which had truly only lasted three seconds, seemed to echo in his head for hours. A terrified, innocent gasp erupted from the young girl's throat and Hiccup's brain struggled to form coherent thoughts.<p>

Not knowing if it would work, if it was even a logical solution, Hiccup grabbed the girl and threw her. Astrid caught her with ease, but landed on her bottom from the impact, clutching the small girl tightly to her chest. Hiccup followed the girl, lunging over the pile of vests.

BEEP.

Mid-jump, he exploded. The girl screamed and Astrid gasped as the wings spanned the room and his thick, heavy claws dug into the tile on either side of them

BEEP. BEEP.

Astrid clutched the back of the girl's head, tucking into her neck. Hiccup eyes caught Astrid's, before he tucked his head over the two and folded his wings in.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The blast was deafening. Heat surged over Hiccup's body, but didn't reach his cool underbelly. If the girl was screaming or crying, Hiccup wouldn't know. The sound of breaking glass and shattered foundation consumed everything.

Then, as quickly as it started, it ended. The sound ceased and the fiery heat left his back. Slowly, lifting his head, Hiccup looked around him. The walls, well, what _remained _of the walls in front of him, were black with small amounts of flames. He didn't have to turn around to know the man, and any of his companions that had still been alive, were dead. No one could survive that blast unprotected.

Looking down, he gazed at the figures under him. The girl was shaking, face still buried in Astrid's neck. The blonde's face was smeared with dust, but unharmed. Slowly, she opened her eyes and half-smiled lightly,

"Knew you were element proof," Astrid said lightly, smoothing down the girl's hair.

Hiccup returned her smile and, just as he was about to phase back, Astrid's smile vanished. The floor was sloping, angling downwards enough that Astrid slid down a couple inches. Hiccup quickly locked his talons into the ground again and whipped his head around.

The back wall had vanished as well as most of the floor. This section of the building was crumbling, falling to the street below them. Astrid saw this too, peering around one of Hiccup's massive legs.

"_Where the hell are you?" _Snotlout's voice echoed in their ears.

"Top floor," Astrid answered urgently. "Guys, this whole floor is going down. Did the chief get the people of the streets?"

"_Yeah it's all clear_" Tuff answered. "_Can you get down okay?"_

"Umâ€¦"

There was a loud creak and the floor angled more. It cracked around Hiccup's talons and he could feel the weight of his body pulling downwards, but he gripped the floor tighter. Astrid hooked an arm around Hiccup's legs and looked worriedly at the girl in her

arms.

"I'm on my way!" Jack's voice was desperate. Hiccup knew the guy could move quickly on the ice, but wondered if it'd be quick enough.

"Okay, Night Fury," Astrid said, turning her attention back to him. Her jaw was set and her arm tightened around him. "Jack will help us up. No offense, but I don't trust your landing skills enough to carry us down. After he gets here and gets us out, you fly out the back, out of the way of the building. It'll most likely fall after it suddenly loses our weight."

He nodded then heard himself growl as the floor tilted more. Astrid was nearly vertical now, holding hopelessly onto him with one arm. Hiccup saw the beads of sweat forming on her forehead as she struggled to hold the girl and herself up. She didn't have super strength. Unfortunately, her bullets and stealth were no help to her in this situation.

"How's it hangin' Shadow," a voice said from above them. Jack stood in the doorway, on the edge of sloping floor.

"You're hilarious, Frost," Astrid spat. "Come here and take her. Then help me up."

Jack reached down and grabbed the small girl from Astrid. Hiccup caught a glimpse of her face, smeared with tears and fear, before it disappeared into Jack's shoulder.

Astrid reached for Jack's outstretched hand, but was jolted downwards as the floor gave in. Hiccup gave surprise yelp and his claws unhooked from the floor as he fell sideways down the tile. A horrific screeching sound emitted from his claws as he slid and tried to grasp the tile again, but it was no use. Astrid tumbled down, a few feet in front of him, struggling to grasp something as well.

Hiccup fell over the edge and spread his wings. The movement paused his flailing body momentarily, just long enough for Astrid to fall after him and land against his underside. As the air began to rush past him, he closed his legs over her and plummeted to the ground.

As high up as they were, the crash didn't affect him as much as he thought it would. Much like Hiccup's previous crash landings, he felt the concrete crack under his weight and his back burrow itself into the ground. Astrid moved against him, causing his wings and legs to unfold.

She met his eyes and, for a split second, smiled breathlessly at him. Suddenly a shadow appeared above them and Hiccup roared as the floor of the building fell above them, but it stopped seconds later. Snotlout stood above their landing point, both hands holding up the heavy slab of building..

"You're welcome," he said, smirking and tossing it aside.

Astrid rolled her eyes and Hiccup phased back. His face flushed as Astrid flopped down on his smaller, human body. She was half laying

in between his legs, with her head on his stomach.

"Oooh, love on the battlefield," Tufff cackled above them.

"Ugh!" Astrid exclaimed, shoving off of Hiccup's body and climbing out of the hole.

Hiccup climbed out after her and was greeted with the sight of the ruined street. Police were coming back on the scene now, along with several news vans. Jack came sliding out the front of the building, passing the girl off to the one of the officers. Hiccup felt the want to go see the girl, make sure she was okay, but she quickly disappeared into the growing crowd.

"You could do better," Ruff hissed, a little too loudly to Astrid.

Hiccup looked away from Astrid's glare and looked at scene around him. Civilians were coming now, cheering and pointing to the supers. Hiccup noted a little boy, tugging on his mother's arm, who was starring open mouthed at him. Cameras flashed and Hiccup had the sudden thought if his dad would recognize him.

* * *

><p>Hiccup groaned as he sat down on the couch. His muscles ached and a soreness ran through his legs all the way into his bones. His back felt knotted, knowing it was because of the wings that had ripped from it earlier.<p>

"Feeling alright?" Ruff asked from the opposite couch.

"I feel like I got hit by a truck," Hiccup grumbled, letting his head fall back.

Everyone was in the living room. They'd been home for a while now and night was settling in on their headquarters. The TV was on and they were watching the reports from the bomb threat. Hiccup didn't think he'd ever get used to seeing himself in the black suit, plastered on newspapers and news headlines.

"Well, you were sitting five feet away from an explosion," Wiz said, from across the room. His face was still buried in whatever book he was reading. "And your body is still adjusting."

"That's so cool that you're fire proof," Ruff said, lightly waving her fingers. "Wanna see if you're electricity proof?"

"Um, no thanks."

Punzie was seated cross-legged on the floor, while Astrid fixed the large braid. She hadn't said anything to Hiccup after they got home and he definitely was not going to be the first to say something to her.

"I wonder why they wanted the money," Punzie said softly, watching the faces of the deceased men flash across the screen.

"I have no idea," Astrid answered. "None of it makes any sense."

"What do you mean?" Jack asked, from his spot beside Hiccup.

"C'mon," Astrid said, looking pointedly at everyone in the room. "That was way too easy. It took, what, five minutes to defeat those guys? Sure there was the mishap with the explosives, but they gave up too quickly for people who were after millions."

"The guy in charge didn't put up much of a fight," Hiccup agreed, remembering how easily he let Astrid overtake him.

"Exactly. I think it was a set up. I don't know what for, but I think someone wanted us there."

"Who? A villain?" Snotlout asked, from the couch with Ruff and Tuff.

"I don't know," Astrid confessed. "Maybe."

Punzie gasped and pointed to the TV screen they had been momentarily ignoring. "Guys!"

"_It's a shame the Guardians were busy today because it looks like Pittsburg wasn't the only city in the world dealing with extreme criminals. CERN, the world's largest physics research laboratory, located in Switzerland reported a break in early this afternoon. Reprogenetics, a facility focused on gene research in Miami, Florida reported the same. No details have been given on either crime, but the heads of both departments tell us they aren't worried. Apparently, nothing of importance was taken."_

"_Looks like it was a rough day to be a researcher. Wouldn't you say, Diane?"_

"_Right you are, John. Now, back to the weather-."_

"A diversion," Hiccup mumbled.

"They were just _a diversion_" Astrid exclaimed. "Someone broke into the two biggest research labs in the world and we missed it!"

"There were people strapped to bombs!" Jack yelled. "What were we supposed to do?"

"It's okay you guys!" Punzie exclaimed, looking around eagerly. "It couldn't be helped."

"Put a lock on it, Little Miss Sunshine," Snotlout snapped. Jack narrowed his eyes, but Hiccup grabbed his arm. "Who knows what those labs were holding that someone wants to get their hands on."

"But the reporter said the people in charge weren't worried," she said, undeterred by Snotlout's outburst. "If anything important _was _taken, we'd be getting called right now to go take care of it."

"Still," Astrid said. "I don't like it. Who could it have been?"

"CERN is underground," Hiccup said, remembering it from his high school physics class. "I don't think someone would have been able to walk in."

"Who's still at large?" Astrid asked, to Hiccup's confusion.

"Mirror, Dynamo, Blob..." Jack rambled off, counting on his fingers. It took Hiccup a second to realize they were talking about super villains. "Jinx is still locked up from last time and Tsunami hasn't been seen for a while."

"Hm, well I don't know what any of them would want with research labs," Astrid said, wrapping a cord at the end of Punzie's hair. "We'll just have to keep an eye on the situation."

The room dispersed then. Punzie led Jack off to look at some painting she did, Wiz left for his lab, and Snotlout sauntered off to the training arena. As the twins left, talking about making some of their own bombs, Hiccup realized he was left alone with Astrid. She was still seated on the floor, legs crossed and turned away from him. Just as he was about to get up and quietly back out of the room, she spoke.

"You did it wrong today."

"Um, what?"

She turned her torso, braid swinging, and looked at him with a stiff jaw and hard eyes. "Today at the bomb threat. You're supposed to keep civilians safe first."

"I did keep them safe," Hiccup argued. He stood up and started to walk to the hallway, when Astrid stood up blocked his path.

"The right thing to do would have been to get that girl out of there as quick as possible," she said hotly, eyes narrowing. "You risked her life back there."

"And I saved yours!" he replied, voice slightly raising.

"What if you weren't fireproof, Hiccup?" Astrid shouted back, shoving a finger into his chest. She was shorter than him, but it didn't take away from the menacing look she gave him. "She would have died! You save the people first. That's what being a super is about."

"So, I just should have left you there?" he asked. "Last time I checked, supers didn't let anyone die on their watch."

"God," Astrid groaned, dramatically rolling her eyes. "What do you know about being super? If you would just listen to the rules-."

"I'm not following some dumb rule if it means letting my friends die," he snapped at her. "I don't think this has anything to do with the girl at all. You're just mad you had someone save you today instead of it being the other way around."

"Excuse me!" Astrid exclaimed, eyes widening. "You think I'm just bitter?"

"Yeah, I do."

"You don't know anything, Hiccup!" she shouted. "You just got here yesterday. You've been a super for one day and you already did something wrong."

"Saving you're life wasn't wrong," he growled.

"Risking the girl's was," Astrid said through clenched teeth, standing up on her tiptoes.

This time it was Hiccup who rolled his eyes. "I already told you I know this isn't about the girl. It's something else."

"Ugh," Astrid groaned. "You are so annoying! Just go away!"

"With pleasure," he snapped, shoving his hands in his pockets and walking away. "Make sure to make me a copy of the list of rules. I would hate to save another life that I'm not supposed to."

Astrid whirled, wanting to scream another insult, to belittle him more, but he was gone. Her head was hot and angry, but her chest heaved with pain and she sunk down onto the couch.

Astrid hated him. She hated he didn't do what was right for the little girl. She hated he couldn't understand why it was wrong. She hated he didn't want to listen to her. She hated how easily he could make her mad.

She hated the way he looked at her. Astrid hated the feeling that rose inside her when she was laid across his chest earlier. She hated that she already loved his smile, crooked and dorky. She hated his bright green eyes. She hated the way her stomach would flip at the sight of him. She hated that Punzie knew all of this.

But most of all, Astrid hated that she felt all of this and it'd only been two days. Who knew what tomorrow would bring.

* * *

><p>emotional tension! i love reading your reviews so please send some more! you guys are great :0

8. Apologies and Mechanics

this took much longer to type than it should have. im half exhausted as im finishing this so my grammar might be whack. let me know if there are major mistakes so I can fix em. thanks everyone!

* * *

><p>Metal and oil is what Hiccup knew best. The twenty year old discovered long ago he could build practically anything he set his mind to. His eyes had a knack for glancing at twisted, grimy metal underneath an old hood and knowing exactly what the problem was. Things like tools just made sense to him. The laws of physics and machines had definite answers and problem solving methods. They were

logical.

Girls, however, were everything but.

The opposite sex was like a completely different species to Hiccup. Sure, he had the occasional girlfriend in high school, but none had lasted long. He never had the opportunity to get into the nitty gritty of how females dealt with their problems and expressed inner feelings. Honestly, that was probably the reason why no girl had stayed long with him.

"Why can't they be like cars," Hiccup grumbled, angrily twisting the wrench. He swore when the bolt snapped off and the end of the wrench bent. Damn super strength. Dropping the twisted piece of metal on the ground, he shoved away from the open hood of the car and looked to Jack. "It'd be so much _easier_."

Leaning against the wall of the garage, Jack shrugged. "Maybe there's a manual somewhere."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and slammed the hood down. Jack's Mustang would have to wait on its maintenance. "_Your _situation is easy. You don't need a manual for that."

"What 'situation'?" Jack asked, pausing the snowball twirling in his open palm. "I don't have a situation?"

"C'mon, I've been here for, what, a week now and I know you've got something for Punzie. Even if Astrid hadn't said anything, it's pretty obvious."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Uh huh, whatever you say." Hiccup began throwing tools back into their box. Jack gave the snowball a final twirl, before tossing it out the open garage door. "You aren't following that dumb 'supers can't be with supers rule' are you?"

"Dumb rule? Why do you care we shouldn't be with other supers?" Jack smirked, shooting a single _zap _of ice that Hiccup easily dodged. He watched it freeze the cement wall, before turning back to his friend. "Looks like I'm not the only one who wants to be with a super."

"So, you _do _want to be with her," Hiccup laughed, wiping his grease covered hands on the towel hanging from his back pocket. "And don't try to change the subject."

"I never said I wanted to be with her."

"But-"

"_Jack. Hiccup."_

Hiccup reached reflexively to the piece of metal in his ear, before replying to Wiz's voice.

"_Think you could make it down to the lab? We've got an issue."_

* * *

><p>They were the last ones to enter the room. Wiz was at his respectable place at his desk. The twins sat on top of one of the counters and Punzie came eagerly over to the two boys when they entered. Snotlout leaned against a far wall, watching one of the screens.<p>

Hiccup didn't let himself look at blonde on the other side of Wiz. His last words to her, a long week ago, had been laced with anger and resentment. It made his core heat up and a flash of warmth travel the length of his spine when he found himself remembering their argument, her narrowed eyes and flared nostrils when he defended saving her. He stalked off to his room that night and laid in bed, silently fuming, until the sun rose. She didn't speak to him that morning, or even look at him. After the first few days of her silence, it became clear her intentions were to never let him see him her blue irises again.

That was fine by Hiccup. There was no way he was going to apologize for saving her. Given the opportunity, he'd do it again.

"So, I did what you guys asked." Wiz turned in his seat and addressed the room. Hiccup noticed the smudges under his eyes and his ruffled hair, but didn't say anything. Nothing would keep the guy from his work. "I can't find any records from the security cameras and alarm systems. I can't even find out who clocked in to work on the day of the break ins."

"You can't find anything?" Snotlout asked incredulously. "Why do we even keep you around?"

"Reprogenetics reported they had data on gene mutation stolen." Wiz continued on, ignoring Snotlout. Nothing they're too concerned about, but CERN is different. I've tried all week to hack into their databases and get some information."

"You can't get past their computers?" Hiccup asked.

"No, I did that in the first five minutes. The problem is there's nothing there. Everything from the day of the break in is completely erased. I can't retrieve it."

"Then we go there and find out for ourselves." Hiccup forced himself to look at the determined face the voice came from. Astrid had a fist pounded in one palm, bangs falling in front of her eyes as she continued. "If the computer system is being erased and the public doesn't know about it, then there's someone high on the career ladder who's covering it up. We need to know why."

"It's CERN though." Ruffnut rolled her eyes and leaned back on the counter. "We can't just walk in."

"It's out of the country too." Tuffnut grumbled. "We get caught, the suits won't be able to keep us from getting locked up in some foreign prison. I don't know about you guys, but I'm not rotting in some Switz jail cell for the rest of my life."

"There's got to be another way," Punzie said desperately. "A way to scoop up some dirt on the head workers without breaking in."

"Well, anyone up for some dancing?" All the heads snapped to Wiz, who

had been typing furiously at the keys. He was now gazing at the screen in front of him. "The man who provides most of the donations to the company is Felix LeBeau, a French billionaire who specializes in companies that focus on scientific advancement."

"You think he's our guy?" Jack asked.

"He's rich enough to do whatever he wants, without question. If he wanted to erase the records, it'd be no problem."

"Um, what was that about _dancing_?"

Wiz typed again and an image of an impressive building filled the screen. "This is his mansion in France. Felix here happens to have quite the event coming up. It looks like the worlds rich and powerful will be there in a week for a night of fun."

"Alright, you hack onto the guest list," Hiccup said, running the plan over in his head. "Then what? Lock him in a closet until he blabs?"

"We got lucky again," Wiz replied. He glanced up at the blue-eyed blonde next to him. "Apparently, Mr. LeBeau here has a weakness for beautiful women."

"Ah, yes!" Astrid pumped a fist in the air. "So, I seduce him, lock him in his bedroom and get him to talk without any interruptions. Piece of cake."

"He's attracted to _powerful,_ beautiful women. Especially women he can't have. So, you'll need a front. It's a good thing he's rich. The number of divorces he's being accused of causing is insane!"

"Sounds like a real Romeo," Hiccup snapped, unsure why his stomach was churning uneasily. "How are we doing this?"

"I'm hacking you two into the guest list now," Wiz spoke to the screen. "You'll go in with Astrid, watch her back and keep an ear out for trouble, then make a quick getaway-."

"Wait, _me?_"

"You've got better people skills than Snotlout and Jack is too cold to the touch. You're going in with her."

Hiccup eyes shot to Astrid and found her already staring at him, arms crossed but no expression written across her pale features.

"Better people skills than me? I have amazing people skills! I'm a _wonderful _person to be around asshole!"

"Careful Snot, that wonderful personality is showing."

"Your ice won't save you when I shove you through a wall-"

"Get out of here!" Wiz exclaimed, lightly shaking his head. "Can never get anything done with you guys hanging around!"

They left Wiz, muttering to himself and working intently. Hiccup

tried to hurry past the blue eyes gazing at him, but a small hand clutched his bicep and he froze.

"Hiccup, wait."

Astrid's voice was soft. It matched the tone she used immediately after the explosion or when she trailed her fingers over his scales for the first time. He turned, realizing they were alone in the hallway. Everyone had scattered when Astrid stopped the lanky boy.

Her fingers fell from his arm and Astrid started twisting her hands in front of her, looking anywhere but his face. When she finally spoke again, it was quick and full of nerves.

"Listen, this is really hard for me to say because I'm am totally not this person, but Punzie has just going _on and on_ about how I have to own up to fact that I screw up a lot just like everyone else but I hate it because I don't screw up. Ever. I can't let myself screw up because that's not what supers do, but I do all the time and I can be mean and hurtful and Punzie just won't shut up about it-."

"Are-are you trying to apologize?" Hiccup couldn't help the small smile tugging on his lips.

"_Yes!_" Astrid exclaimed, throwing her hands down at her side. "I was so mad at you, because I don't need help and you gave it to me and it was so _annoying._ So, I lied and gave you crap about the girl and yelled at you and you were right and I wouldn't admit it-."

"You don't apologize a lot, do you?"

Astrid huffed, blowing her bangs out her eyes, and smiled weakly. "Is it that obvious?"

Hiccup bit back a laugh and shoved his hands in his pockets. "Well, I guess I accept your rather lame apology."

"Lame apology?" Astrid scoffed. "I practiced in front of a mirror all day! You know, I'd be nicer to me. You wouldn't want me to run into the arms of a certain French billionaire to bury my grief."

They both started down the hallway, slowly, enjoying the conversation. Whatever Punzie had done, Hiccup sure owed her.

"Is that our story?" Hiccup asked. "I'm a mean, insulting husband and you need someone to nurse your wounds?"

"We met in college," Astrid began, grinning slightly. "You were twenty three and I was twenty, both incredibly intelligent and gorgeous."

"Of course."

"You're an expert in mechanics and I was one of the leading minds in biological sciences. It made sense for us to get married."

"Can't argue with that."

"So, with complete approval from both our families we have an

extravagant ceremony a few months later and soon, I learn your secret. You're mean. Always giving me snide little remarks, insulting my appearance, and having the audacity to think you're smarter!"

"What a crime."

"With a plan of escape and a craving for tender hands, I decide to go to one last event with you and there I meet Felix LeBeau."

"You would cheat, on your incredibly handsome and intelligent husband, just because of snide remarks?" Hiccup laughed, rounding a corner. He was heading towards the elevator leading to the garage, but Astrid still kept by him.

"Well, he did save me when I didn't want him to."

Hiccup glanced down at her, but she simply smirked up at him. He managed to keep quiet until they arrived in the garage, but couldn't hold back his questions once his hands landed on his tools again.

"So, why'd you flip out after I saved you?"

Astrid perched herself on a stack of boxes and shrugged. "It wasn't your job. I'm a super. I don't need someone to save me."

"Everyone needs someone to save them."

Astrid blinked several times, taken back by his statement. Quietly, she watched him continue work on Jack's car. Too soon, she found she'd lost interest in the metal and the mechanics and was instead stealing glances at his arms, his furrowed brow, the way he bit his lip as he worked.

"If everyone needs someone to save them," Astrid asked, after several long minutes of silence. "Then, what do you need saving from?"

Hiccup didn't stop his working. His arm slowed and he licked his lip before he answered. "I guess we'll find out."

"Do you think you can promise me something?"

"Depends on what it is."

"I'm a super." Her voice was firm, making Hiccup pause in his work and turn his head to look at her. Her jaw was firm, but it wasn't in the anger he'd seen it in all week. "I'm not weak. I don't want you to save me again."

"You want me to promise to never save you?"

She nodded and her bangs fell into her eyes again. Astrid quickly brushed them back so she could see Hiccup's face. He smirked and continued back to his work.

"I'm going to be honest, Astrid." His voice was muffled under the hood of the car and she couldn't see his face anymore, but Astrid could practically hear the smile in his voice. "I'm never going to

let you die. Whether you like it or not, I'm saving you."

For whatever reason, she couldn't convince herself to get mad at him.

* * *

><p>im a review obsessed! soooo please leave me some :)

9. Rapunzel's Monster

**im getting great feedback :) apparently, everyone loves Astrid's power! Glad you all enjoy it! So, imagine the traing arena like the dragon arena in httyd lol **

* * *

><p>"Is this really necessary?"<p>

"Yes, Hiccup! Now focus!"

Hiccup looked back at his opponent, barely dodging a shot of ice. When Snotlout suggested they do some more training in prep for the trip to France, this is not what Hiccup had in mind.

The training arena had been transformed into a maze, with tall wooden walls and chains overhead. The rest of the group stood on the outer edge above it all, peering down as Jack and Hiccup "battled."

Jack was quick, sliding around corners and shooting through the air with ease, but Hiccup's reflexes were faster. His goal was to try and eradicate Jack without having to phase. He was supposed to be making his human body stronger, but instead he was just doing a lot of dodging and running.

"C'mon lizard boy!" Ruff yelled from the railing. "Show him what you're made of!"

"Kick his ass Jack!"

"Not the goal here, Tuff."

Hiccup heard Jack skate behind him and managed to use a loose board to block the ice. He threw the frozen board, slipping behind a corner as it knocked Jack in the head.

"Your _senses _Hiccup!" The shrill yell belonged to Astrid somewhere above, but Hiccup couldn't see her. "Use your head!"

Sense. Okay, he could do that. Hiccup closed his eyes and tried to focus. His ears fought past the sounds of twins bickering, Punzie's humming, his own heart beat racingâ€|there it was; The quiet cracking of freezing ice growing on cement around the corner on his left, a hand raising, cutting through the air, there was a soft shuffle of fabric against the wall. Jack was leaning against the wall, his right hand raised, ready to fire.

Hiccup's eyes snapped open after only listening for hardly a second.

He smirked to himself. This whole super thing was still pretty amazing.

Faster than any normal human could, he darted from his hiding spot, rolling onto Jack's left. The shot of ice missed his shoulder by a millimeter as he jumped at his friend, pinning him to the ground.

"Yes!" Hiccup yelled, throwing up his arms and hoping off of Jack's middle. Jack shook his head, but grinned, slapping Hiccup on the back as they made their way out of the arena.

"I totally had you."

"Says the loser."

"If Astrid hadn't opened her big mouth, we'd be dragging your body in front of a fire right now."

"I heard that!"

Both boys laughed at Astrid's narrowed eyes, but she was smiling. Hiccup joined her and gazed down into the arena he had just left to watch Ruffnut and Snotlout.

"C'mon Ruff!" Astrid cheered. "Zap him!"

The lights flickered when the pair headed into the maze. Snotlout had brute force on his side, but Ruff was much quicker. The surges of electricity burned scorch marks into the wood and even blasted holes in a few of them.

"Um, could she accidentally kill him?" Hiccup muttered to the blonde beside him as Snotlout dodged a headshot.

"I doubt it would be an accident," Astrid whispered back. "But his strength lets him handle a lot more than us. She won't do him any serious harm."

A few minutes later, Snotlout was nursing a large burn on his back. Punzie was too busy running through the maze now with Tuffnut to heal him right away. They spent all afternoon doing this. Hiccup watched fascinated at each match; Tuffnut tackled Punzie, completely evolved to handle her piecing screams and Jack froze Astrid's shooting arm, but she still managed to knock him with the hunk of ice. Hiccup found himself unable to escape Ruffnut's electricity however, and ended up on his back with a burnt arm as she cackled.

"She's good," he muttered, tenderly stretching his arm. Astrid rolled her eyes, knowing Punzie would be able to fix it. Hiccup had yet to see the young girl work her hair magic and was eagerly awaiting to witness it.

"Yeah, Ruff is a tough one, but you need the practice. If we're in France and trying to sneak through a hallway, you can't take people out by turning into a giant dragon. It's too conspicuous for sneaking around."

"You're the master assassin, not me."

Things had been easy between Hiccup and Astrid since her apology a few days prior. They shared friendly conversation and she occasionally stopped by his mechanic station he took claim over in one of the tool-filled rooms. He definitely liked this small friendship they shared versus they brooding, angry assassin she'd been previous this week.

"Here everyone," Punzie called out. They turned, watching as she undid the cord on her braid. Hiccup's mouth dropped when the full length of it was revealed. The mass of hair dropped, pooling in a pile behind her legs. It was no wonder she kept in it in the thick, long braid.

Jack took the end of it and passed it on, holding up a piece to his head where Astrid smashed her iced fist against him. Snotlout laid across his back and passed it to Hiccup and Astrid. She laid a hunk across Hiccup's arm, then wrapped the end piece around her bruised hand. Hiccup tried not to look to eager as Punzie slowly bowed her head and began to sing.

"_Flower gleam and glow. Let your power shine. Make the clock reverse. Bring back what once was mine."_

The roots glowed bright yellow, shimmering down the length of her hair like liquid gold.

"_Heal what has been hurt. Change the fates' design. Save what had been lost. Bring back what once was mine."_

The glow reached Hiccup. It travelled to his arm and suddenly a warmth spread to the burn. The skin tingled with sensitivity and he gasped.

"_What once was mineâ€¦|"_

The glow disappeared as quickly as it had come. The hair slipped off of Hiccup arm and he looked impressively at his cleared skin.

"Thanks, kid." Snotlout patted her back before leaving down the hallway.

Hiccup glanced up at Astrid, beaming, but his smile dropped. She was looking past his shoulder, a small frown and worried eyes on her face. He turned and saw Punzie, slowly pulling her hair into her arms. Hiccup didn't remember ever seeing Punzie look soâ€¦dejected. His chest heaved at the idea of such a joyous person feeling sadness. Jack noticed as well and nodded for Astrid, Hiccup, and the twins to walk away.

"Come on, Punz," he said quietly to her. "I'll help you braid it back up."

Hiccup didn't witness anything else between the two. He left, walking between Astrid and the twins.

"Don't get me wrong, the kid gets annoying," Tuff grumbled when they rounded the corner. "But if I ever find that bitch, I'll make her pay."

"We'll be right there beside you," Astrid hissed while Ruff nodded eagerly.

"Um, what? Hiccup asked, looking nervously between the two.

Astrid didn't say anything until they were in the front room. The twins plopped down a couch, switching on the TV, but Astrid sat on the far one. Only when Hiccup joined her, did she talk.

"Being super starts with a price, Hiccup," she whispered. "You know that. We all do. We all experienced traumatizing events to activate our genes. We go through things the average person only reads about in papers and says 'wow, sure glad that wasn't me.' Punzie's story is something else. It goes beyond traumatizing."

Astrid took a deep breath, before continuing quietly.

"When Punzie was a baby, she was kidnapped. We don't know the reason behind it or even who her real parents are, but this women took her to the middle of the woods in Alaska and raised her in this secluded cabin. Punzie, or rather, Rapunzel, was raised on lies Hiccup. This woman, Gothel, told her horror stories of corrupt people and how men would hurt or kill her. She had some kind of obsession with Rapunzel. A mental disease of some sorts, but she got away with it. Rapunzel never left that cabin and they were hidden far enough in the woods that no one ever found them."

"She grew up like that?" It was hard to believe the go lucky, miniature sunshine the Guardians shared had such a dark past. "Until she became super?"

Astrid nodded. "That's not the end of it though. When she was fourteen, Gothel left for a couple days to hunt down some food and a handsome explorer wandered onto the property. No one knows the details, but he apparently caught on pretty quick to what was happening to Punzie. He knew if he brought in the police, Gothel might harm Rapunzel out of sick desperation or something like that, so he spent the next several weeks trying to convince her to leave with him."

"_Weeks?_"_

"He was an expert hiker and adventurer. The boy, Flynn, was eighteen and alone in the world, but good. He loved the wilderness and planned a grand expedition as soon as he graduated, but instead, he camped a mile or so away from the cabin and came to see her every night. He told her about the world and explained what it was really like out there. Flynn told her stories and taught her songs. He taught her the one she sang tonight. Rapunzel fell for him, hard. He actually had her convinced. Rapunzel wanted to leave with him."

Astrid paused then and Hiccup realized there were tears brimming in her eyes. She swallowed thickly and looked somewhere behind him while she spoke, her voice cracking painfully.

"Gothel found them that last night. Somehow, she knew. She snuck up on them and stabbed Flynn in the back. Rapunzel was tied to the wall and was forced to watch as Gothel mutilated Flynn in front of her. That's when her genes activated. She screamed so loud the cabin collapsed around them. When the suits showed up, Gothel's body wasn't

found in the wreckage."

Astrid wiped furiously at a stray tear and bit firmly on her bottom lip.

"Punzie is the most pure, kind hearted person I've ever met and she had to watch the boy she fell in love with be ripped apart by her sadistic kidnapper. It's his song she has to sing to heal wounds. Punzie has to rip open her heart to heal others."

Hiccup said nothing. What did one say to something like this? He concentrated on pushing away the heat that travelled up his spine and focused on Astrid again.

"We've made a pact," Astrid continued, the cracking in her voice gone. Her daunting, assassin face was back. "If we ever find Gothel, we'll kill her."

"Does she ever bring it up?"

"No, she has nightmares sometimes, but we all have that."

Hiccup knew that all too well.

"It's funny," Astrid laughed darkly. "They want us to save the world, but first they have to turn us into monsters."

Monsters. Is that what the meaning a being a super entailed?

"Punzie screamed when Flynn died," Hiccup began, his voice hoarse. "And her power is sonic sound. Does everyone's power have to do with the situation they were in when they turned?"

"Somewhat," Astrid answered. "Let me guess, you were so angry you wanted to explode? You wanted to cause some damage? Make mayhem?"

Hiccup nodded slowly. "Do you know why I turned?"

"Wiz taught me to hack onto the computer system." That was a yes. "I'm not nearly as good as him, but I know the basics of how to do it."

"So, why did you turn? What gave you assassin powers?"

Astrid suddenly stood up and Hiccup quickly realized he'd gone too far, but she didn't leave right away. She leaned over to reach Hiccup's eye-level. Hiccup glanced nervously at the twins, who were absorbed in their show. His eyes went back to Astrid and his breath caught in his throat at how close her blue eyes were. Directly in his face, she hissed.

"I could kill you and everyone in this building less than three minutes. I know exactly where to cut you to make you bleed out the quickest and every bullet I fire hits its target. I can walk by crowds of people without them even knowing I'm there. I'm the world's perfect killer Hiccup. I'm a weapon." Before he could argue, she leaned in closer. If he was a normal human, he wouldn't have been able to hear her soft whisper. "You don't want to know what I was doing to give me the power to kill like that."

She left him like that. Astrid sauntered out of the room, braid swinging, as Hiccup watched her retreating figure, completely helpless.

* * *

><p>dun dun dun...so whats Astrid's past? what made Hiccup so angry? only time will tell! please review!

10. Playing Pretend

"I wonder if they're trying to make clones or something."

"Quiet down."

"Or make mutants or make mutant clones-."

"Hiccup. _Shut up_."

Astrid gave him annoyed stare over the rim of her sunglasses, before looking back to her magazine. Sighing, Hiccup put his head back against the seat. He hated airplanes. His legs were always too cramped and stewards were either too cheerful or acted like they hated their lives. Snotlout, on the other hand, seemed to be having a great time. He managed to find some red-haired bimbo across the aisle to talk to.

He wished Jack or Punzie had been the ones to come as their backup instead. It was too risky for Ruff to be shoved onto an airplane and the twins needed _someone _responsible to stay behind with them. So, Hiccup and Astrid had to bring Snotlout along so Jack and Punzie could hold down the fort.

The redhead gave a loud, fake giggle and Hiccup rolled his eyes. On the other side of him, Astrid continued to numbly thumb through her magazine.

"Think Snot will make it into the mile high club?" he whispered. Astrid snorted back a laugh, then gazed around Hiccup's torso to glance at the pair.

"Gross."

Hiccup laughed, then attempted to stretch his legs again. They were growing more uncomfortable with every passing minute and a familiar heat was tingling his spine.

"You alright?" She shoved her glasses onto her hairline and leaned in, furrowing her brow.

"Yeah, I'm just too tall for airplane seating," he mumbled, craning his neck.

Astrid pursed her lips then moved closer to his side. "When was the last time you phased?"

"Um, I don't knowâ€¦a couple days before we did that training, so three-four days ago."

"I think you need to do it more often," she whispered. Hiccup tried to keep his pulse from racing when her small hand reached over and squeezed along his arm, up to his shoulder, before she started kneading his neck. "Your muscles are crazy tense. It's probably not good for you to have so much time in between changing."

"Mhm." He didn't trust himself to say much else. His brain was having a hard time forming coherent thoughts with the feeling of her fingers on his hairline.

Instead, Hiccup tried to focus on the party. They'd be arriving in France in the morning, allowing them a few hours to prepare before meeting Felix LeBeau. Hiccup had wanted to talk about it, discuss every possibility of what could be happening, but Astrid had been annoyingly adamant on keeping quiet about those things on the flight.

The sun had started to set long ago and night was settling in the cabin. Astrid was still absentmindedly kneading her fingers into his shoulders and back, when Snotlout whispered something else to the bimbo who let out another fit of laughter.

"Ugh." Astrid withdrew her hand and crossed her arms, struggling to snuggle into her seat. "They better not be doing that all night."

"Just be glad he isn't bugging us," Hiccup mumbled, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

Astrid laughed quietly and drew her legs into her seat. God, it was uncomfortable. For several minutes she struggled to find a position that wasn't killing her back or making her neck twinge. Poor Hiccup. At least she could fold her legs up.

Looking quietly over at him, she saw his head was leaned back and legs stretched out as far as the small space would let him. Too bad they weren't able to take the jet, but they needed to set up their ruse as 'married couple' as early as possible. On his other side, Snotlout was still speaking quietly with the girl. Astrid silently prayed he wouldn't end up saving her from something and then they'd all be stuck with her in the family.

Astrid noticed Hiccup had his eyes closed and hands clamped in his lap. His long arms were taking up both armrests.

"Dragon boy," she whispered harshly. "You're taking up my armrest."

"I'm bigger than you," he mumbled, without opening up his eyes. "I need more space."

"But I can't get comfortable."

"Join the club."

Astrid huffed. Fine. He didn't have to share, but she wasn't going to let him win. She leaned on the armrest anyway, wrapping both arms around his firm bicep and leaning the side of her cheek against him. She wanted to laugh when she heard Hiccup's breath catch in his

throat, but she was too tired. Curling her legs tightly in her seat and praying she wouldn't drool in her sleep tonight, Astrid finally drifted off.

* * *

><p>"God damnit," Hiccup muttered under his breath, tugging at the bow tie around his neck.<p>

Snotlout snickered from the sidewalk, leaning against the fence. Hiccup shot him a glare and banged his fist on the back of the van they had snagged. Astrid swore it had been a completely legal transaction, but Hiccup wasn't too sure.

"C'mon Astrid. We're burning daylight."

"Well, _excuse me_." Her voice was muffled through the metal doors. "You get to just throw on a tux, but I have to actually look nice enough to seduce a billionaire _and_ _I_ have to do it in the back of a van."

"I'm sure you look fine." He rolled his eyes and glanced down the street to where the party was taking place. Music was drifting in from somewhere and several cars were pulling up to the front. "I just want to get this thing over with."

The back doors swung open and Hiccup flinched, grabbing the pair of heels that were thrown at him. Astrid hopped out, smoothing down her dress and tucking tendrils of blonde hair out of her face. Any doubt that Hiccup had of her being able to get this LeBeau guy alone suddenly flew out the window. Her dress was fitting, allowing Hiccup to see every curve of her small frame and even though it reached the floor, the long slit down the side exposed one long, smooth leg.

"Gun, please."

Hiccup looked away, blushing, as Astrid lifted up her skirt and secured the gun Snotlout handed her on her upper thigh. When she was done, he handed her the shoes while she spoke.

"Snotlout, you have your earpiece? Good. Now remember, I can't risk LeBeau seeing I have one on, so only Hiccup will be able to let you know if we need backup and I don't care how many hot girls walk by. Stay. At. The. Van. We'll probably need a quick getaway."

"I know. I know. I'll be here waiting to save the day, as usual."

Astrid rolled her eyes, put the last strap into place on her ankle, and smoothed out another wrinkle in the bright red dress.

"Ready _husband_?"

* * *

><p>Wiz had done his job well.<p>

Their names were on the list and with Astrid hanging off Hiccup's arm and batting her eyelashes, they were quickly ushered inside. They

were surrounded by black suits and revealing dresses. Music came from a group of players on the far end of the room and several servers were offering drinks and food.

"I don't see him," Astrid hissed as they made their way through the crowd. She was suddenly glad for Hiccup's tall stature. He was cutting through the crowd much easier than she could have managed.

"Don't worry," Hiccup whispered out of the corner of his mouth. "If Wiz did his homework right, then this guy will be all over you as soon as he spots you."

Astrid's grip tightened on his arm and she smiled up at him. "Time to be noticed, Mr. Haddock."

She dragged him to the center of the floor, where several other couples were slowly twirling, and Hiccup instantly tried to plant his feet into sparkling floor. "No no no, Astrid. Now way"

"Don't be such a baby," she muttered, pulling him into the very middle of the dancing couples. "We _want _to be noticed."

Hiccup sighed, but held her anyways. Gripping Astrid's hand and holding her back with the other, it was her turn to sigh in annoyance. "God Hiccup, we're supposed to be _married_. Don't hold me like a twelve year old."

Astrid grabbed his hand that was on the middle of her back and thrust it far lower, then stepped closer so she was practically leaning against his chest.

"See him?" she muttered, as they turned.

"No." Hiccup peered over her head, looking into the crowd but he didn't see anyone that matched the picture Wiz had shown them before they left. "No one yet."

He felt her hand tighten in his as she gazed around them, occasionally glancing around his torso. Nerves and anxiety rattled his body as the seconds ticked by. He hated the idea of sending Astrid in with this piece of scum alone. He knew she was more than capable of handling herself, but if things went wrongâ€|

"Hiccup, you're shaking."

"Oh, sorry."

Astrid looked up at him, narrowing her blue eyes. "You feel alright?"

"Super."

"Not funny," she muttered, but continued to gaze up at him. Several tendrils of blonde hair had come loose and were framing her face now. "You think your emotions might beâ€|contributing to your-uh condition?"

"I don't know maybe-."

Hiccup suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder and turned his head, struggling to hold in his gasp. There was he was. Nearly a whole head shorter than Hiccup was Felix LeBeau. His thin black mustache was curved into a smirk, his suit looked more expensive than Hiccup's old apartment, and he dark, mouse like eyes weren't even _looking _at him. LeBeau was staring right past him at the small blonde clutched to his chest.

"Bonsoir. Puis-je couper en?"

Astrid flashed a brilliant smile to the man as he spoke and slowly let go of Hiccup's arm. "I'm going to dance with our host for a bit, darling. I'll find you soon?" Hiccup forced a grin and let go of Astrid's back as she leaned up on her toes and placed a heated kiss to his jaw.

Then, he forced himself to walk away.

Astrid didn't watch Hiccup's retreating figure as the stranger gripped her waist and hand. He was shorter and didn't hold her with same softness and security Hiccup had. A heavy cologne wafted off of him, but Astrid kept her smile welcoming and batted her eyes.

"You'll have to forgive me," she laughed softly as he began to turn her. "I know very little of your wonderful language."

"Ah, fear not Madame." His voice was slick like oil. The hand on her back, she noticed, was slowly drifting lower. "But it iz your turn to forgive me, I'm afraid, for I do not recognize you or your partner. How iz it you received an invitation to my party?"

"Mutual friends," she replied smoothly. "I work in biochemistry over in the states while my husband is quite high on the engineer career ladder. We have many friends in high places."

"Not just a pretty face then," LeBeau chuckled. "Your husband iz a very lucky man."

"Would you mind telling him that?" Astrid put on her best pout face, then suddenly beamed. "Oh, sorry. I'm being impolite. You don't need to hear about my relationship problems."

He spun her again. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Hiccup in the outskirts of the crowd. "Euh, Madame-?"

"Heather Haddock."

"Madame Heather, there iz no need to be shy around Felix LeBeau," he smiled, revealing perfectly straight, white teeth and Astrid pushed away her feeling to cringe. "I will always listen to a beautiful woman's sorrows."

"You seem like a very kind man Mr. LeBeau." Astrid pressed herself tighter against him. Judging by the way he grinned at her and lowered his hand _even _further, she would have him in his bedroom in five minutes. "I wish all men had suchâ€¦class that you do."

"Tell me, dear one," he purred, brushing his hand across her abdomen. Resisting the urge to snap his wrist, she looked up at him through

her eyelashes. "What iz the matter? This iz a party after all. I want you to be happy here."

"Well, you have to understand, I love my husband very much," she whispered sadly. "But he just doesn't care anymore. I try so hard to make myself beautiful for him and he never pays me any attention. All I want is to feel like someone loves me and he doesn't anymore. Tell me Mr. Lebeau, am I beautiful?"

"Madame Heather." His voice was low and he leaned in closer to her, his hands tightening around her. Astrid's thoughts suddenly went to Hiccup and wondering if he was witnessing this. "You are exquisite."

She moved her face closer to his and her next words were barely audible. "I'll be honest Mr. LeBeau, I've heard many rumors about you and your _talents._" His moustache twitched and Astrid smirk before continuing. "I was hoping you'd scout me out."

"Then, forgive me if I'm being frank my dear," he whispered next to her skin. "But may I suggest we sneak by that husband of yours and go somewhere a bit more private?"

Astrid bit her lip and nodded slowly. She had him.

* * *

><p>Hiccup shoved past a group of young girls, all giggling and moving out of his way as he stalked by.<p>

"They just went into a hallway off the main room," Hiccup muttered. "I'm headed there now."

"_It won't take her long." _Snotlout's voice cackled in his ear. _"Keep me posted_."

"Will do."

Hiccup was on edge. Fire surged through his veins and his teeth were digging into the side of cheek. He kept his fists shoved into his pockets as he walked quickly to the hallway Astrid had disappeared in. The looks that guy was giving her made him sick. He thought of the way his hand kept going lower and bit back a growl. He was a complete dirt bag and Astrid was alone with him. Glancing around to make sure no one was looking, Hiccup slipped through the hallway. It was dim, but just as extravagant as the main room. Several large, impressive wooden doors were in front of him, but judging how quickly they disappeared, they were in one of the closest ones.

Hiccup started forward, planning on listening at each one until he knew where she was, when he was suddenly grabbed from behind by a pair of small hands.

"As-Astrid?" Spinning around, prepared to deck some security guard in the face, he was greeted with the sight of the small blue-eyed blonde smiling up at him. He looked wildly around, but there was no sign of Felix LeBeau anywhere. "What are you doing? Where is he?"

"Some business guy interrupted us. He needed to take care of some things before we could be alone. So," she spoke softly. Hiccup's eyes

grew wide and he lost the ability to form words as she trailed her fingers up his chest. Astrid's teeth dug into her bottom lip, giving Hiccup a look he'd only dreamed about as pressed against him. His back hit the wall and his hands hung limp at his sides, completely confused at what was happening. "I was thinking you could help me kill the time."

Hiccup's head slammed back against the wall as her lips pressed against his neck. His head was complete mush. Everything except the feel of her lips on his skin and her small hands holding his shoulders was fuzzy. _Words, _he told himself. _Speak words._

"Wh-what are you doing?" he gasped.

"I saw the way you were looking at us," she whispered against his pulse point. "You _hated _watching him hold me. Don't lie." Astrid brought a hand to his ear, and skillfully took out his receiver. "I don't want to be interrupted."

Ignoring every sense of logic that was screaming at him, Hiccup's hands shot out to grip her waist. God, her dress was smooth; just as smooth as he imagined her skin to be. This was too good to be true. It was like a fantasy coming true. He swallowed thickly as her lips travelled over his skin. His hand wandered further, down to her thighsâ€|

He froze. Growling, he grabbed the body and flipped their positions, shoving the girl, whoever she was, against the wall.

"Who are you?" he hissed in her face. It looked like Astrid, _felt _like Astrid, butâ€|

"What are you talking about," she demanded. "It's me-."

Hiccup barred his arm against her chest and the girl yelped out. "_Astrid _has a gun attached to her thigh and wouldn't go anywhere without it. Now tell me. Who. Are. You."

The fake Astrid smiled, sickly and devilishly. Hiccup lost his fierce stance as the body he was holding tight onto shifted and changed beneath him. The skin quickly darkened, changing into a light tan color, and the hair grew black, falling out of the messy bun and into thick waves. Her red dress shrunk to her skin and changed into a dark purple color.

He knew that suit, but it didn't belong to any Super.

"Mirror," he hissed, remembering the times he was planted in front of TV as one of Guardians threw her in prison multiple times.

"Took you long enough," the girl laughed, wickedly. "I thought I might get some action tonight."

She hit him square in the jaw, twisting his arm back and tripping him as he stumbled back. Mirror swung her leg, aiming for his face, but he grabbed her foot and knocked her on the ground. Giving an annoyed yell, her boot caught him in the face, snapping his head back. Suddenly, she had thrown herself at his torso, knocking him on the ground.

"You have no idea what you're doing." She shook her head, laughing to herself. Mirror pinned Hiccup's arms down with her boots and whipped out sharp blade from a pocket on her waist, pinning it to his throat. "God, you're hopeless. It took one look of that girl wanting you and you completely crumpled in my hands. Tell me, did you guys actually come in here with a plan? Who are you? Why are you here?"

Hiccup threw her off his torso and slammed her back into the ground. The blade fell from her fingers as he gripped her wrists and straddled her, holding her in place. She struggled, but he was much stronger.

"Why are you here?" he demanded. "What do you have to do with the robberies?"

Mirror snorted and rolled her eyes. "I've been doing this for a long time handsome. You'll have to do better than that. Besides," she glanced down the hallway and smirked wickedly. "I'd be more concerned about other things if I were you. You just found out we know why you're here and you haven't thought to check on your girlfriend at all."

Hiccup pulled back from her in horror and looked wildly down the hallway. Suddenly, from a few doors down, there was a piercing scream and Hiccup's insides turned to ice.

"Too late," Mirror hissed.

* * *

><p>so you guys are like the most amazing reviewers. just saying :) so review it up and let me know what you thought! What do you guys predict will happen?

11. An Evil Man

Hiccup's momentarily distraction cost him. Mirror ripped an arm out his grasp and clocked him right across the face again. She kicked him in the chest, pushing him back then leaped to her feet.

"So, Astrid is her name?" Hiccup narrowed his eyes and stood as well. Mirror was now in between him and the door. "Can't be too many of those running around. Well, especially now since this one's about to be wasted."

She was quick. Not on the same level as Astrid, but much better than Hiccup. She ripped daggers from her side and flung them across the hallway. Hiccup grabbed one, but let out a sharp yell, feeling a shot of pain erupt in his right shoulder. He flung back the dagger and ripped the other, sticky with crimson blood, from his muscle.

Mirror laughed again, watching Hiccup clutch his shoulder as the blood oozed between his fingertips. "Believe me kid, this is fun and all, but my boss had other plans for me tonight. Go on in and see what they've done to Astrid. I hope it was messy."

Hiccup growled and threw the last dagger, watching as it missed her side by a centimeter as she darted down the hallway. He should be

chasing after her, tackling her to the ground and demanding answers, but suddenly, more muffled than before, there was another scream.

Astrid. Mirror obviously didn't know they were Guardians, because she suspected Astrid was already dead. Hiccup knew better. Ignoring his stinging shoulder and the warmth he could feel trickling down his shirt, he burst through the heavy door.

It was another hallway. Damn mansion. It was empty, in the sense no one alive was left in it. Four bodies littered the floor, all in different spots along the length of the hallway. They were all in the same, plain black suits. LeBeau must have had them waiting here for her. Blood had soaked into the carpet around each and Hiccup was suddenly thankful for Astrid's skill. Avoiding the pools of blood, he hurried to the door the last body was laid out in front of. Light was flickering on the other side and he could hear several, low voices and a quiet muffling.

With no plan at all, Hiccup flew open the doors and in a matter of seconds, his sensitive eyes took in every aspect of the room. Felix LeBeau was in front of an impressive fireplace, tux jacket removed and casually standing with hands in his pockets, but Hiccup noticed the bruised face and blood trickling from his nose. On the other side of the room were two more men in black suits. Each had several open wounds and scratches covering their faces, along with black eyes. They each held the arm of a blonde girl, arms tied behind her back. She was sitting in small wooden chair; shoeless, ankles bound, and new bruises covered her legs. A gag tied around her mouth kept her from speaking, but despite the injuries covering her body, she was still thrashing in their arms.

"Let her go." His voice was becoming less like his own. Surging heat shot down his spine and his lip pulled back over his teeth. LeBeau laughed, while one of them angled a gun towards Astrid's temple while the other pointed it at Hiccup.

"She just killed four of my best men," LeBeau said smoothly. "Nearly six and myself. I don't believe she will be going anywhere."

"I mean it," Hiccup growled. "Let her go. Now."

"Young man." LeBeau didn't look afraid. Instead, he looked amused. "I don't know who you are, but believe me when I say you don't get to leave here. My men will shoot both of you and I will get to go back to my party. There really iz no other option."

He made a hand gesture to the men and both guns clicked. Hiccup locked eyes with Astrid and she gave him the smallest nod. He lunged, dodging the bullet that shot by his head as Astrid swung her bound legs into the air, knocking the man who held her onto the floor. LeBeau shouted, but Hiccup had already smashed one man's head into the ground, either killing him or rendering him unconscious. The other tried to stand, but Astrid gave him a hard kick. Hiccup stood beside her and, as the man looked up, Hiccup punched him and he fell to the ground, unmoving.

Hiccup turned to LeBeau, who now wore the wide eyes and terrified frown he should. He had backed into a corner and was trembling, eyes moving swiftly between the couple and the door.

"Don't move," Hiccup told him. "Or things will just be worse for you."

Confident the man wouldn't make a run a run for it, Hiccup turned his attention to the blonde tied to the chair. He knelt down, swiftly untying the gag around her mouth.

"H-Hey," she gasped, giving him a small smile. "You took your sweet time."

"Yeah, well I wanted to make an entrance." He ripped off the ties on her ankles and reached around to undo her arms. Up close, he could finally see the extent of her pain. Dark red spots blended in with the dress, but Hiccup still noticed the splotches on her stomach and sides. Her lips were bloody as well and several black and purple marks were appearing under eyes. "You're bleeding."

"So are you." She nodded towards his shoulder, but a noise from behind them made her neck snapped to the side. Astrid narrowed his eyes beyond Hiccup's shoulder and he was instantly reminded of the man who nearly killed her standing right behind them. "Darling, due to the fact I was _stabbed in the side and beaten_, I'm finding it a little hard to move. Could you please bring Mr. LeBeau here for me?"

"With pleasure," Hiccup growled, immediately striding across the room. He ignored LeBeau's frantic attempts to bat him away and was easily able to get a tight hold on his collar and drag him across the room. He threw him down at Astrid's feet and took a step back against the wall.

Hiccup would let her handle the rest.

Astrid could feel her wound heavily now, slowly soaking the side of her dress, but she'd spent years learning to push away pain. A simple stab wound was nothing. LeBeau rolled onto his back, spitting out a mouthful of red tinged spit, before leaning up on his elbows in her direction.

"It's time to talk," she said unemotionally. "Tell me what I want to know and I'll make it quick. Painless."

"You're much braver now that your bodyguard iz here," he spat.

Astrid glanced at Hiccup. He folded his arms and glared at the man on the floor. She probably didn't have too much time until LeBeau pushed him over the edge.

"Careful," she hissed. "He bites."

She relished the nervous glance LeBeau gave to Hiccup and the way his throat bobbed. Suddenly, another sting of pain emitted from the wound on her side. Gripping it, and ignoring Hiccup's anxious look, she focused on the task at hand.

"Why are you covering the break in at CERN? We need to know who was there and what was taken." Her voice was demanding, but LeBeau snorted a laugh. Astrid brought her foot down painfully fast, hitting

him the gut. While he flinched, she brought her fist back and hit him hard in the face, knocking his head back against the ground. "_I _don't think it's funny. Talk."

"It is my dear." His voice was muffled and wet as he spoke through the blood pouring from his nose. "Because _I don't know_. They came to me one night, promising I would be allowed to live in the new world if I helped them. They were quite convincing."

"Who?" Astrid was growing woozy. She had moved too fast. The dress was growing heavy with blood now.

"And desperate. They are losing hope on how to make it work. That's why they went to CERN, but they couldn't find anything to help them."

"_Who?"_

"Times up." Astrid jumped, hissing at the pain in her side, as Hiccup suddenly spoke, striding across the room. He wrapped an arm around Astrid's waist and helped her stand. "This little sneak called for backup and didn't tell us."

She could hear it now. The shouts and voices in the distance. LeBeau laughed, a sick, hair raising sound. "There iz nowhere for you to run. I have power here. The country iz on watch for your faces. I have men everywhere. If you manage to make it out this room alive, you will still be dead."

"Don't count on it." Hiccup muttered, shoving an item into Astrid's hands. She swayed, head growing head, and realized it was a loaded gun from the floor. Without even hesitating, she raised it and a second later, Felix LeBeau was sprawled on the floor.

"Hic-Hiccup," Astrid started, but gasped, dropping the gun and clutching her side. When she brought her hand back, it was bright red. "We have to tell Snot-we can't go to the airport."

Her head was heavy, but incredibly light at the same time. She was vaguely aware of the hands gripping her and Hiccup's anxious eyes bending to look in her own.

"I know, I know. Just-just hang on, Astrid. Okay? Stay with me."

His hands left her and she could hear the shouting, much louder than before. Were they right outside the door? She couldn't tell. The blood loss was affecting her more than ever now. There was the sound was ripping fabric and suddenly Hiccup's bare chest was in front of her while he wrapped something tightly around her middle. Then there was more ripping, but it was soon accompanied with breaking furniture and shattering glass.

Hot hair blew past Astrid and a loud, low rumbling shook through her bones. All she could see was black. She clutched at the figure in front of her, feeling the smooth warmth of the scales lining Hiccup's neck. Heat rushed under her fingertips and the wall behind them exploded.

Everything was fuzzy now. Air rushed past her, blowing her hair wildly. Astrid was on her back or upside down. She didn't know. Her

stomach and chest were pressed to warm scales as something firm held her there.

To the sound of heavy breathing and beating wings, she drifted off into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>Mirror hated waiting. It was such a bore, not to mention an aggravation. She wove her dark hair in between her fingertips, remembering how just a mere hour ago they were throwing daggers at that stupid little boy. Idiot. Probably a rookie in the FBI or something.

She was smugly wondering how Felix decided to dispose of the nuisances when she saw him. He walked swiftly to her, feet making no sound against the cement. They were alone in the abandoned warehouse.

"You're late," she snapped, her own purple boots echoing in the darkness. "If I had known you would keep me waiting this long, I could have stayed at LeBeau's for a little longer. I was having fun playing with these kids that snuck in."

"The French man is dead."

That stopped her. Pausing, Mirror eyed the man questioningly. "Did you kill him?"

"No. He was murdered by those 'kids.' A gunshot wound to the head. It doesn't matter though. We were nearly through with him. I would have done it myself in a week or so. You did get what we needed, correct?"

"Of course," Mirror purred. "It's in the mountains in the states. He made sure the transaction was nice and private. Now, we just need some more subjects to put the place in use."

"They found out what we were doing wrong." Mirror raised an eyebrow at the statement. "Human bodies can't handle the procedure."

"So, what the hell do we use?" she demanded. "A cow? How are _not _supposed to use a human?"

"What we need, is someone different," the cool voice drawled. "Someone _super_."

Mirror smiled wickedly at his reply. "Pitch, you evil, evil man."

* * *

><p>had a ton of free time today so i knocked out the next chapter. im kinda losing my drive to work on my story Responsibilities. Those of you who read both of my stories, what do you think? Should i give this one more attention?

please review you guys :)

_Burning. That's all she could feel. It was everywhere. The muscles in her legs screamed with a mixture of exhaustion and adrenaline as she sprinted across the dewy grass. Her breath stung in her throat and her lungs burned with the desperate need for oxygen, but she kept running. _

_The only sound she could hear over her own heavy breathing and the blood pounding in her ears, were footsteps. Heavy and fast, they were advancing on her. A terrified sob wracked her body as she tried to push herself faster. It was in vain. She knew how small she was; how weak and incapable. _

He was going to catch her.

She was going to die.

Astrid woke with a start. She gasped, but tried to slow down her heaving chest. Her head was heavy and sore, but the ache in her side was worse. It was stiff as well. Cringing as she tried to sit up, Astrid quickly realized where she was. The bed she was laying in wasn't her own, but one in the infirmary. They hadn't used this room ever since Punzie joined them, but Astrid used to be quite familiar with this department of their home.

"Hey there sleeping beauty."

Rubbing her head and looking blearily to her side, Astrid realized she wasn't alone. Ruff stood across the room at the counter, wiping down several instruments and putting them into cabinets.

"Ugh," Astrid groaned. She tried to stretch but there was pull on her side. "How long have I been out?"

"Since you've been here, only a few hours. Don't try walking or anything." Ruff shifted her feet, looking nervous before she spoke again. "Punzie and Tuff were gone when you guys got back. There was a call. I had to stitch you up and Punzie can't heal you now or the skin will heal over the stitches. If I cut them, I have no idea how much more blood you could lose."

"It's alright, Ruff," she mumbled. "How did-what happened? Is Hiccup okay?"

The girl motioned across the room and Astrid followed her gaze, eyes widening at the boy she hadn't realized was there. "Define okay."

Hiccup was sprawled out in an uncomfortable looking chair across from the row of beds. He'd changed out of his tux, wearing jeans and old t-shirt, but that wasn't what caught her attention. Hiccup was pale. Far too pale for what was considered normal. Heavy, dark purple splotches covered the space underneath his eyes.

"Is he sick?" She winced as she moved too quickly, trying to sit up again. "What's wrong with him?"

"Just tired," Ruff answered. "I don't blame him. He flew for nearly twelve hours. When you two landed, he was practically dead on his feet. Stupid kid wouldn't go lay down until you were stitched up. It

was funny though. He had no idea I knew how to do this stuff and nearly had a heart attack when he realized Punzie wasn't here."

"He-he flew for _twelve hours_," Astrid demanded in disbelief. "How is that even possible?"

Ruff shrugged and shut the cabinets. "He was really scared. Apparently he stopped just long enough to tell Snot you two couldn't leave from the airport, then took off. Couldn't stop at a hospital either because they would ask too many questions. Bringing you straight here was the only option, but it was risky. You lost a lot of blood."

Astrid didn't say anything. She stared at Hiccup, long legs spread out in front of him and mouth slightly slacked, as she realized he saved her life. Again.

Ruff gave her friend a small smile, before sidestepping out of the room. She didn't leave quietly though. As the door slammed shut behind her, Astrid watched, smiling to herself, as Hiccup jerked awake, scrambling in his chair. He looked immediately to her. His exhausted, defeated eyes lit at the sight of her and a wide smile broke out on his pale face.

"You're awake," he grinned, sitting straighter in the chair.

"Thanks to you," she answered. "Did Snotlout make it back alright?"

"Yeah, he's fine. Are you alright though?" Hiccup leaned forward on his knees, smile slowly disappearing as he really looked at her. Astrid was sure her hair was a mess and she could feel the soreness on her cheek bones. No doubt there were bruises scattered across the, but she knew she looked better than the boy in front of her.

"It was just a knife wound." She rolled her eyes, but he didn't look convinced. "I've had a lot worse."

"There was so much blood." Hiccup ran his hands through his hair, looking anywhere now but her face. Astrid suddenly realized how long the twelve hours must have been; holding a girl who was slowly dying and having only one option. "I could hear your heart beat the entire time and it just kept getting slower and slower-I flew as fast as I could, but I was so worried it wasn't fast enough. You were _limp. _You just hung in my claws and I don't know anything about injuries. I didn't know how long it would be until you bled out-."

"Hiccup. I'm fine."

"I had wrapped you in my shirt and when we landed it was completely soaked through. Then, Punzie was gone-."

"_Hiccup_." He finally looked at her, jaw set and mouth in a hard line. "I. Am. Fine. If you had showed up any later, things could have been a lot worse."

"I shouldn't have let you go in there alone," he muttered. "They were onto to us from the beginning."

"You need to stop beating yourself up," Astrid said quietly. "You followed the plan I came up with. If anything, it's my fault. I've been doing this stuff for years now. I should have been better prepared."

"But-."

No, no buts." She yawned and there was the same stinging pull on her side. "I'm too tired to argue with you now. I think Ruff overdosed me with pain killers." Hiccup cracked a smile, but it didn't reach his exhausted eyes. "Speaking of being tired, you need to get some sleep."

"I have gotten some sleep."

"I mean real sleep that isn't in a crappy chair." She rolled her eyes, but smiled when Hiccup stood up, stretching and yawning.

"You'll be alright?"

She nodded, already feeling tired again herself. Must have been some pain killers Ruff gave her. "Yep. Go rest Hiccup. You're no use to us dead."

* * *

><p>"So, what do we know?"

The room was tense and rigid. All her friends were shoved into the infirmary. After Hiccup woke up and walked in to see Astrid staggering across the room to the door, he'd had been frustratingly adamant on her not leaving until she was healed. Since she technically was in no condition to be walking, let alone fighting her way out of Hiccup's orders, Astrid demanded the needed meeting be held where she could participate.

"We know they're working with a villain," Hiccup answered, from his spot sitting at the foot of Astrid's bed.

"Most likely more," Astrid interjected. "He said _'they_' came to him. Probably meant some of Mirror's friends."

"And Felix LeBeau was just a stepping stone. They needed him to cover up the break in so they could get what they needed," Wiz said from the back of the room. "He wasn't heavily involved in whatever the big picture is."

"But they didn't get anything." Jack looked around at everyone in the circle, lightly twirling his fingers. Snotlout brushed snow off his shoulder and stepped away. "They needed something to work, it didn't go right, and as a last ditch effort they checked a high class science lab to see if they could use anything there."

"They also promised him he could live in a new world," Tuff said.

"So," his sister began. "I doubt this new world thing is something we want to happen."

"Definitely not," Astrid agreed.

"But we have no idea who Mirror is working with," Punzie said, trailing her fingers down her braid. "Or for. We can assume Dynamo and Blob are part of mix since they're the only ones not locked up, but I doubt that's it."

"I think we should pay Jinx a visit in prison," Snotlout replied. "See if she might know anything."

"It'll be a good start," Astrid decided. "There's nothing else we can do right now."

"I'm going to go see if I can dig up anything else on LeBeau," Wiz said, walking out of the room. "There might be something we missed."

"C'mon," Snotlout motioned to Tuff. "Let's try to get a meeting set up with Jinx."

Ruff didn't leave with her brother. Instead, she gave hard shove to Hiccup, knocking him off the bed and crossed her arms.

"Alright, boys. You've gotta leave too. I need to check her stitches."

Hiccup looked uncertainly to Astrid and Punzie noticed. "Go and play with your present. She'll be fine for five minutes without you."

"What present?" Astrid asked. When Hiccup left her room before, she'd slept for several more hours. For the first time, she was out of the loop and it bugged her to no end.

"The call Tuff and I went on involved some high class bank robbers," Punzie explained. "After we locked them away Tuff-uh took it upon himself to grab something for our newest member."

"And it's pretty freaking awesome," Jack said, grabbing Hiccup shirt and shoving him towards the door. "So if you need us, too bad. We'll be gone all day."

Hiccup was barely able to raise his hand, before Jack slammed the door after them. Astrid winced, pulling down the blanket and lifting up her shirt as Ruff eased her shorts down. The cut was still bruised, but clean and straight. Astrid was confident she'd be able to start walking soon.

"I think we have a problem," Ruff said suddenly, still inspecting her stitch work. Punzie raised her eyebrows and Astrid looked up, confused.

"What? It looks clean," she protested.

"No, no, no. This is fine." Ruff slowly pulled her shorts back and up and Astrid let go of the hem of her shirt, still watching her friend. "I'm talking about Hiccup."

"Did he do something?" Astrid asked. She looked to Punzie, but the

young girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Not exactly. I'm a little concerned about what he might
do."

"Uh-I don't follow."

Ruff sighed and sat on the edge of Astrid's bed, looking nervous before she spoke. "He's a great guy. I'm not saying anything against his character. Personally, I think he's the best thing that could have happened to you." Astrid narrowed her eyes at the last comment, while Punzie giggled. "But I'm worried his alter ego may have a more control than we originally thought."

"But he's not different when he phases," Astrid argued. "I mean, the first time he was, but he knows who he is."

"I don't think that'll always be the case though. When you first got back, he was a wreck. Kept shaking and letting out little growls. It was like that lizard was trying to come out." Astrid immediately thought of them at the party, at Hiccup slightly shaking in her arms. "I think his emotions are contributing to his change. That could be a problem, Astrid. You know it."

"Well, nothing has happened yet," Astrid said quietly. "We can just keep an eye on it."

Ruff looked doubtful, but didn't press the issue. "I wish I could have seen Hiccup's run in with Mirror. That must have been entertaining."

Astrid snorted. "Tell me about it. She tough and pretty smart. I wonder how he figured out it wasn't me. I never asked about that part."

"Apparently, he noticed your gun was missing," Punzie answered. "He told us after Ruff stitched you."

"Oh, that makes sense-." Astrid stopped mid-sentenced and looked, bewildered, at the girls in the room. "My gun was attached, hidden, on my thigh."

"So?"

"So, it can't be seen. He would have had to feel it to know it wasn't there."

Punzie let out breathy, surprised laugh while Ruff's high pitched cackles filled the room. Astrid's face quickly heated and her mouth grew painfully dry.

"Oh my God," Ruff practically yelled. "We know what Mirror was doing to distract him then."

A strange heat filled Astrid's chest, making it heave but also clench in frustration. She'd never felt like this before. Annoyed at the image now in her head and Ruff's irritable laughter, she narrowed her eyes and bit the inside of her cheek.

This new feeling confused her, but Astrid did know one thing. She was

definitely pissed now.

* * *

><p>you guys are great! your feedback is beyond fantastic.
please keep reviewing everyone!

13. Photograph

so i cant even begin to explain why this is so late. computer viruses suck. thanks for those who messaged me and asked if all was well :) btw, check out my tumblr. a lovely reader and follower drew some fanart of Hiccup and Astrid in this story.

oh and i am most likely going to change the rating of this story to M for mainly action violence. feelings on this? let me know what you all think.

* * *

><p>The evening sun was setting when Hiccup gave a nod to Jack, leaving him in front of Wiz's lab before turning the corner to the infirmary. He held his helmet under one arm and traced the outline of the faded photograph in his pocket with his free hand. Ever since he snatched it from his possessions in the C.I.A, it had taken residence in his bedside table. Lately, however, Hiccup was feeling the need to have it close.<p>

Rounding the corner, he jumped and dodged the swaying and humming form of Punzie as she skipped from the infirmary.

"Oh, hi Hiccup." She smiled sweetly and side stepped out of his way. "Did you have fun?"

"Yeah, how's Astrid feeling?" He reached for the door as he spoke, but paused when Punzie laughed softly, quickly covering her mouth.

"Um, I think you might want to put on that helmet."

"Why?" Hiccup got his answer as he opened the door and suddenly ducked, dodging the alarm clock thrown at his head. It shattered against the door frame and he looked wildly to the blonde glaring at him.

"You _dick!" _Hiccup's jaw dropped and he looked over at Ruffnut, who was laughing in the corner of the room. Astrid swung her legs over her bed, wincing, and tried to stand. "I'm going to kill you!"

"Wh-why?" he demanded, getting annoyed at Ruffnut's laughing. "What did I do?"

Astrid snarled his direction while bent in the middle and holding tightly onto her bed frame. Hiccup made a move towards her, but she swung her fist, missing him inches. "You thought it would fun to _feel me up?"_

"What are you talking about?" Hiccup dropped his helmet as she

stepped towards him and was suddenly thankful there was no gun within her reach. "I never-."

"Then tell me, _Hiccup_, " Astrid snapped, walking the length of the bed slowly. "How did you find out Mirror didn't have my gun?"

His face fell and Astrid only narrowed her eyes more. Whipping his head towards Ruffnut, who now had tears running down her face, he yanked open the door again. "Would you get out of here?"

Taking one last look at the fighting pair, Ruff ducked under his arm right before Hiccup slammed it shut again. "Okay, just let me-."

"No!" Astrid shrieked. "God, is that all I am to you? Some sex symbol with a tiny waist and a nice ass?"

"No, I swear. Just stop moving, you'll rip out your-."

"The first opportunity you got you put your hands all over my legs? Let me guess. It was quite the turn on when Mirror actually went along with it huh?"

Hiccup growled in frustration, but moved to help her. Astrid was wincing in pain with every word she spat at him and wobbling on the spot.

"C'mere. Let me help."

"_Don't touch me!_" she hissed, dodging away from his hands and instantly biting her lip in discomfort. Growing more irritated, Hiccup ignored her batting hands and grabbed her forearms tightly, trying to get his arms around her to hold her still. Astrid ripped one of her arms free and her fist cracked against his jaw. "Let me go!"_

The punch didn't hurt, but it sure ticked him off. Getting a better hold on her arms, he grasped her biceps and leaned down to her biting, snarling face. "Stop it! You're going to hurt yourself more. Would you just sit down and I'll tell you what happened."

"I already know what happened," Astrid said through clenched teeth. "You saw Mirror in the hallway, thought she was me, and took your opportunity. It's not rocket science, Hiccup. You're all the same. Now, _let me go_."

"Only if you promise to stop hitting me."

"No."

"Okay, then I'm going to hold you," he growled. "You're right. I did think Mirror was you and yes, my hand was on your leg, but it didn't happen that way."

"You're really something. You know that? It's because of low-life, douche bags like you that I'm even part of this whole super thing that I didn't want-!"

"_She _came onto _me_, Astrid!" Hiccup was nearly shouting, but her glare didn't falter. "I didn't try to take advantage of you or push

you into a corner, it was all her! Mirror kissed me and I thought-."

"You thought it was me," she finished. Her eyes had softened by a degree, but her jaw was still set firmly. "So you responded how any twenty year old boy would."

"_Yes_," Hiccup loudly sighed with relief. "And I'm sorry. I shouldn't haveâ€¦felt up your leg, but I swear I didn't come onto you. It was her."

When he was confident she wouldn't swing another right hook at him, Hiccup slowly let go of her arms. Astrid leaned heavily against her bed and her face was slowly losing its anger, being replaced by annoyance.

"I guess I won't kill you," she mumbled. "But what's wrong with you? It didn't raise any suspicions that I suddenly threw myself on you in the middle of a mission?"

"Uh, nothing coherent was really going through my head at the time," Hiccup admitted, rubbing the back of his head.

"Of course not." She rolled her eyes and started to get back in her bed, giving Hiccup a glare as he moved to help her. "I can do it myself lover boy."

"I noticed it pretty quickly though," he continued when Astrid had pulled herself into a sitting position on the bed. "Even when I had asked where the real Astrid was, Mirror was still-."

"You used my _real_ name?"

Astrid's shocked, unbelievable glare erupted on her face again and Hiccup's face went red. "Uh-."

"There's a _reason_ we use fake names or our super names Hiccup!"

"I know, I know. I'm sorry! It was justâ€¦instinct to ask where you were-."

Astrid pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed heavily. "Just stop talking. I don't have the energy to deal with this now."

A heavy silence filled the room and Hiccup, scooping his helmet off the ground, fell back into the chair Astrid caught him sleeping in earlier. Fuming in her own annoyance, Astrid wasn't going to let herself forgive Hiccup so easily. Instead, she simply watched him, twiddling his thumbs, wiping some smudges off the black helmet, and occasionally glancing at her before looking away quickly.

Astrid internally cursed herself. God, she was hopeless.

"What's that?" She finally asked after minutes of quiet. Hiccup motioned to the helmet and she nodded.

"It goes with my new bike."

"Bike? As inâ€¦like a fast one?"

Hiccup laughed and nodded. "Yeah. That's what Tuff snatched. It's pretty great too. It would have taken a year's salary for me to get something like that before."

"What did you do?"

"I was a mechanic. Fix everything from rusted trucks older than God himself to some two-doors I would have had to sell my soul to be able to afford. For a while I was going to school for it, butâ€¦" Hiccup's voice trailed off and Astrid saw his eyebrows furrow. "Things changed."

Astrid knew that all too well and quickly changed the subject. "How's your face?"

Hiccup raised his eyebrows and rubbed the spot where her fist collided with his jaw. "I'm surprised you didn't break it. You've got a good right hook."

"You're lucky that's all I managed to hit you with."

"I could have taken you."

Astrid rolled her eyes and bit back a smirk. "Right, that's why an injured teenage girl was able to punch you right in the face."

"I was just letting you off easy."

"Whatever, Hiccup."

He laughed and resituated himself in the chair, allowing Astrid to see the corner of the piece of paper sticking out of his pocket. Curiosity, rather than tact, got the better of her.

"What's the paper in your pocket?"

Hiccup's eyes widened in surprise at her question and Astrid realized her quick mouth had done it again. Before she could apologize however, he reached into his jeans and pulled out the slightly crumpled photograph. Pushing himself out of the chair again and instead taking a seat at the foot of her bed, Hiccup offered it out to her.

Carefully watching his face for any discomfort and, after seeing none, Astrid carefully took the photograph and inspected it. It was older, but in color. The woman in the picture was gorgeous, with light brown hair and high cheekbones. She had a wide smile and looked as though she was laughing at something behind the camera. She was young too. Probably only a couple years older than Astrid was. There was familiarity in her dark green eyes and Astrid realized who the woman was before she asked.

"Who is she?"

"My mom." His voice was calm as he took the photo back from her, but she still watched him carefully. "It's the only picture I have of her."

"Is she dead?"

"Yeah, has been for a long time now."

"I've had family die before too," Astrid said softly. "I know how awful it can be."

"You know more than I do. She died when I was a baby. I never really knew her." Hiccup leaned against the footboard of her bed and let one leg hang off while the other he stretched out. Astrid gave the leg next to her a reassuring squeeze as he spoke and he smiled softly. "But I guess that's a good thing. There's really never been much for me to miss. Who did you lose?"

"My brother." Astrid felt the familiar tightness in her chest, but had long ago learned to control it. "I lost my older brother the night I changed."

"I'm sorry." His apology was genuine and Astrid felt a rush of gratitude for the man she punched in the face just a few minutes before. "Is that why-is _he _why you changed?"

"Not really," Astrid admitted. "His death was just a small factor of me being _super_."

Hiccup didn't say anything else. He held his helmet in his lap and looked determinedly at the wall. Astrid was thankful he didn't ask any more questions. She hadn't spoken to anyone about Jackson and didn't plan on opening any healed wounds tonight.

"Your momâ€|she was why you changed." Astrid said suddenly. "I know that you're dad called you and said something to anger you, but it was about her wasn't it?"

Hiccup didn't meet her eyes as his lips set in a firm line and he slowly nodded.

* * *

><p>Her feet slipped on the wet grass. A scream began to erupt from her frightened lips as the heavy set of arms grabbed her small torso, but a sharp blow to her head cut the cry short. Frantic, electrifying fear coursed through her blood as she twisted and thrashed in her captor's arms.

_Astrid was so close. She could see her house, situated on the edge of the small field, only a minutes sprint away. Inside was her family. Inside was safety and security, but she couldn't scream to alert them. Her mouth was covered with too-warm, sweaty skin and tears leaked from her eyes as the body holding her moved back into the shadows, carrying her with him. _

The cold edge of a blade was pressed into the soft skin of her exposed stomach. Silently, she prayed he would drop it, maybe even trip over his own two feet and release her, but the prayer was desperate and with little real hope. She kicked against the large legs in one last, frantic attempt to flee as he dragged her further into the tree line, away from any help.

Astrid wondered if dying hurt.

14. He Hates Me

****rating was changed for language, violent fight scenes, and (not too graphic but still present) sexual content****

****For those who are concerned that they won't be able to enjoy the story because of rating change, don't worry. except for the occasional strong language, the other parts could be skipped but still allow you to enjoy the story. I'll also give warning before a chapter has inappropriate content.****

****enjoy my lovely readers!****

* * *

><p>"Okay, I got cheese, pepperoni-."<p>

"Dibs on the peppers!"

"Hiccup, mine is cold!"

"Well, next time you can drive thirty miles just for pizza."

Hiccup snatched a greasy slice from the last cardboard box before sliding it onto the table. Astrid quickly grabbed a piece as well and smiled at him through her bite of gooey cheese.

"You know, when I said I was craving pizza earlier, that I wasn't a hint for you to go get some," she said, swallowing thickly.

"I just can't believe you haven't had pizza since you've been here," he replied, perching himself on the table next to where Astrid was sitting. "I used to live on pizza."

"No way, man," Jack argued, leaning back in his chair. "Chinese takeout is where it's at."

"Nope." Snotlout shoved half a piece in his mouth, smirking at Ruff's laughter. "Cheap burgers and fries are number one."

"Ugh," Ruff groaned. "Boys eat like garbage cans."

"We do not," Hiccup scoffed. "This food is fit for kings."

"Whatever dragon boy."

"Isn't this supposed to be a meeting?" Tuff questioned, looking down the table at Wiz. "You guys only have my attention until the pizza runs out."

Wiz put his food down and cleared his throat. The only sound in the room now were their chomping mouths. Hiccup glanced down at Astrid while she watched Wiz, making sure she didn't look like she was in any pain. Astrid had insisted on leaving the infirmary this morning, but Hiccup could still see the outline of her bandages underneath her shirt.

"I didn't find much," Wiz admitted, sliding a stack of papers across

the table. Snotlout grabbed them before they hit the greasy boxes and passed them around. "LeBeau bought up a lot of land recently, but according to his bank account, that's nothing new. He was always investing."

"But-wait." Punzie paused, glancing at one of the papers. "This one says he bought land here a couple weeks ago."

"I was getting to that. This is the first time he's ever bought any sort of land in the United States. It was through a private buyer, so he was able to keep it quiet."

"Where?" Astrid asked firmly.

"Colorado. It's deep in the Rockies."

"Alright." Punzie passed the papers to Hiccup, who only took a quick glance before sliding them to Astrid. "It's not much, but it's something. We'll interrogate Jinx tomorrow then make plans for some of us to go to Colorado to check out the site."

"Sounds boring."

"Then you can stay here Snot," Jack smirked from across the table.

"No, I wanna go!"

"Then zip it," Astrid replied, taking a bite of gooey cheese.

* * *

><p>There was a slight knock on the door, but Hiccup didn't have to look up from his project to know who it was.<p>

"Can I come in?"

"No."

Astrid stuck out her tongue, as Hiccup chuckled, and perched herself on the tabletop across from him. It had been a couple hours since their "pizza meeting" had dispersed and Hiccup had quickly shut himself up in one of the labs. Various pieces of machines and hunks of scrap metal littered nearly every surface. It was safe to say Hiccup had slightly taken over this area as his own.

"So, I went in to see Wiz a little while ago," she started, watching his hands take apart a small box. "The satellite sensors were going off."

Hiccup paused on his work and looked up at her. Astrid was biting her lip nervously, but still looking down at his hands. "Does that mean-?"

"Yep. We're either going to have a new Guardian or a new villain within a couple of days."

"Oh." Hiccup looked back down at the metal and continued working.

"Um, hello?" Astrid bent her head over to look at him under his bangs. "You realize what this means, don't you? This changes everything. Depending on their power, the other side might have the upper hand now."

"You don't know that," Hiccup replied easily. "Until we actually meet them, there's no reason to freak out."

"I'm not freaking out," Astrid huffed, leaning back away from him. "But this does change things. Even if we do get a new member, they still need to be trained and we're in the middle of something big, Hiccup. No offense, but even you're still a little rusty."

"I have stopped those crash landings though."

"Not my point." Astrid's mouth twitched. "I just want to make sure you, and whoever we get, is prepared for what could happen in the next few days."

"I don't think it's me you should be worried about," Hiccup joked, concentrating on the small bolt he was trying to undo. "You're the one with healing stab wound. Think you manage sneaking around Colorado?"

There was no reply. Hiccup looked up, prepared to ask Astrid what was keeping her quiet, when the hairs on the back of his neck stood up. She was gone. There was no evidence she'd ever been sitting on the metal surface and Hiccup hurriedly spun around, looking wildly around the room.

"Okay, not funny Astrid."

Still no answer. The ceiling-tall shelves in the back, piled high with parts and tools, suddenly seemed risky and dangerous. Hiccup was suddenly very aware of how many places a small teenage girl could hide in there.

"You proved your point," he called out. Hiccup slowly started walking towards the line of shelves, trying to focus his hearing. There was still nothing; not a single sound. "C'mon Astrid. I was just joking."

His gut twisted nervously as he peered along the first row of shelves. Empty. Quickly looking over his shoulder, he only saw an empty room. Gulping far too loudly for his liking, he kept going.

"I'm serious. This isn't funny anymore."

The only sounds Hiccup could hear were his sneakers squeaking slowly on the floor and his own rapid breathing. He wasn't sure if it was his knowledge of what Astrid could do to him or an aspect of her power that had sweat beads forming on his forehead and his instincts telling him to high tail it out the room.

"Astrid." He rounded another row of shelves. There was no blonde assassin in between them. "You're starting to worry-AARGH!"

Quicker than a bolt of lightning, a pair long, firm legs wrapped around his torso from the back. Thin arms wrapped around his head,

squeezing and twisting, stopping right before they snapped Hiccup's neck. Blonde hair tickled his face as Astrid's giggle rang above him. Bending her head to peer at him upside down, she gave him a wide smile.

"And you're dead," she said smugly, before unwrapping her legs and dropping behind him.

"Remind me to never question you," he mumbled, turning to face her. Astrid was still smiling innocently and rocking back and forth on her heels. "Stitches?"

Astrid pulled up the hem of her shirt, revealing the white bandages, but no red stains. "Still holding me together. I think I'll cut them out later today."

"That's gross."

"Wuss."

Hiccup gave her a pointed look, but went back over to the countertop. Astrid followed and peered around his torso, really looking at his project for the first time.

"Um, what's that?"

"It's supposed to be something for Ruff, to control her energy flow. Make it more accurate. I thought of it a couple days ago, but this is just a prototype."

Astrid looked at the pile of twisted metal with a new light, before gazing at Hiccup open mouthed. "Can-can you _do _that."

"Eh." He shrugged as he unraveled a coil of wire. "Shouldn't be too hard. It's just a matter of finding something that won't explode from too much power. Her electricity levels are through the roof."

"How do you know that kind of stuff?" she asked incredulously. "I mean, that's really cool."

"I graduated high school a little early." He glanced down at her and smiled lightly. "I was kind of a nerd."

"Shocker," Astrid snorted. She leaned against the table and waited for him to continue, but there was no explanation. "I thought you just worked at a garage."

"That's right."

"But if you can build stuff like this," she motioned to the table behind her. "And you graduated early, why didn't you get some crazy scholarships or something?"

"I did." Hiccup was going to leave it there, but he caught Astrid's wide eyes and she folded her arms. He sighed before continuing. "I was going to the Naval Academy in Maryland. I was going to be one of the top engineers and design new equipment for Navy Seals, pilots, all sorts of people. I already knew it all. Going to the school was just a formality."

"Did you get kicked out?" Astrid pulled herself back onto the table and sat next to where he was working. "I won't tell anyone if you did."

Hiccup laughed, but it was humorless. It made Astrid's stomach knot unpleasantly. "Uh, no. I left. I hated it there and my dad just made it worse. He's an Admiral and he always wanted the same thing for me."

"Oh," she said softly. "Well, that doesn't sound so bad."

"Believe me," he muttered. "It was bad."

There was a heavy silence and Astrid felt the urge to reach out and comfort him, even though she wasn't sure how.

"Have you talked to anyone about it?"

"No."

Slowly, she reached out and grasped his forearm. Hiccup froze and she saw his jaw tighten. "I'm here. If you want to."

Just when she thought he would shake her off, maybe politely ask her to leave, Hiccup took a steady breath. "My dad has always hated me. From the second I was born, he hated me."

"I'm sure that's not true."

"No." His voice was firm, so unlike what Astrid was used to. She didn't like this Hiccup. She wanted his dumb smile back. "He was always focused on his career, didn't want to be bothered by kids. He wanted my mom to give him a son to be perfect little soldier, but he didn't want to be a dad."

"You don't know that."

"I do actually. He felt the need to remind me frequently. My mom, the only person I think he ever actually cared for, died giving birth to me. Something happened and she just bled too much; a freak accident in the delivery ward."

"Oh, Hiccup—"

"I was always blamed for it, for taking her away from him," Hiccup croaked. Astrid's throat was feeling painfully tight as she watched him speak. "After she was gone, he was forced to take care of a kid he never truly wanted. It didn't help I wasn't like him. I think that's what finally did it; made him hate me so much. Growing up, I never had any interest in serving my country like he did. I wanted to help, to do something important, but not in the way he did it."

"Hiccup," Astrid started. "You don't _know _that he hated you."

"Yes, I do." He finally looked at her, jaw clenched and eyes narrowed. "I tried to do the whole Navy thing just for him, but I couldn't handle it. It wasn't me, so I took my savings and ran. Ended up in some small town and got a job fixing cars. Then, he called me."

"The night you changed," Astrid mumbled.

"He called me and said 'Hiccup, I always knew you were different, but I had high hopes for you.' He paused and I _swore_ I thought he was going to say something to make everything okay, something to make me want to come home."

"You don't have to-."

"Then he said 'I wish you died in that delivery room instead of your mother. At least she was worth something to me.'"

She couldn't hold it in. A single tear escaped the corner of her eye. Hiccup suddenly turned, violently throwing the hunk of metal in his hands across the room. Astrid watched as it crashed through the wall, leaving a gaping hole. Her attention was brought back to Hiccup when he turned, slamming his fists on the table next to her.

"Who says that to their son?" he demanded. "What kind of sick bastard-?"

He stopped as Astrid slid over, moving his arm to her other side as she planted herself in front of him on the table. Tears were heavy on her cheeks and Hiccup felt a couple stray tears slide down his jaw as well. Gripping his torso, Astrid buried her face in his shirt. Hiccup clutched her to him, setting his chin on top of her head.

"I'm so sorry," she mumbled into his shirt.

"I can't do anything about it," he replied. "I guess we all have family issues we have to fight through."

"I know." Astrid pulled back and looked at him with puffy eyes and wet cheeks. "Mine think I'm dead."

* * *

><p>you have all been amazing with reviews! i love hearing all your favorite parts, your predictions, fears, hopes, and everything else that has to do with the story! I also love to get advice, because there is a ton of room for improvement here lol

15. Smug Stranger

The amount of positivity I'm receiving from everyone is amazing :) plus I love that when you point out something I could work on/something that needs fixing, everyone is super polite and kind about it. You all really are great readers :)

Now, something I need to address. I've been getting a lot of messages about Merida from Brave. All I'm going to say is _be patient!_

* * *

><p>There were no words. Any sort of grief and anger that rattled Hiccup's brain were replaced with emptiness. It was like her

statement switched off the part of his mind that allowed him to make coherent thoughts.<p>

"Wh-what?"

Astrid wiped her nose and untangled her arms from around him. Hiccup did the same, although he didn't really want to.

"The suits were very thorough in their explanation of my disappearance when I changed." Her voice was hollow, but the tears had stopped. "Given the situation, it was just easier for them to tell my parents I died. At least, that's what they said."

"Astrid-."

"No." She shook her head firmly, sending blonde bangs into her eyes. "I didn't tell you so you could feel sorry for me."

"It's okay to be upset," Hiccup argued. "It's not _bad _to feel things, Astrid."

"I feel things," she snapped, watching Hiccup roll his eyes and place his hands on either side of her.

"Yeah, anger," he snorted. "But you shut people out on a daily basis. Maybe if you talk about it-"

"I don't want to talk about it! I only told you so maybe you wouldn't be upset anymore; you would understand the pain that_all _of us go through." Astrid tried to wiggle out from Hiccup's arms on either side of her, but he was standing firm. Sighing, she folded her arms and glared up at him. "I didn't tell you so we could have a Dr. Phil session."

"Your parents think you're _dead_," he growled through clenched teeth. "If that doesn't bother you, then you're lying."

Astrid looked away from him, pointedly glaring at the floor instead. God, she was stubborn. Hiccup was about to storm out, let her sit there quiet if she wanted to. He'd offered his help and Astrid denied it. He wasn't required to do anything else.

Then, he caught sight of the small tear in the corner of her eye and he sighed. Moving his hands from the table to the side of Astrid's face, Hiccup slowly tilted her head up to look at him.

"Astrid." Her glare melted away and for split second Hiccup saw her lip tremble. "I thought we were friends. I just told you about why my dad hates my guts. You can trust me. Just _talk to me_."

For a moment, Hiccup thought she was going to. Her blue eyes seemed painfully bright as she gazed him, mouth slightly slacked and tears beginning to overflow again. One small hand overlapped his on her cheek as the first stream of water fell down her face.

"Hiccupâ€|"

"Astrid, I need-oh!"

It was like someone shocked her. She shoved Hiccup away so fast he barely had time to register that someone walked in, before his back was hitting the table opposite of Astrid. She hopped off the table, furiously wiping away her tears and straightening her hair, before finally looking up at Punzie, frozen in the doorway.

"Um, I'm sorry," Punzie squeaked, cheeks reddening. Hiccup shoved his hands in his pockets and looked down, away from her questioning gaze. Astrid didn't even look at him. Bright red in the face as well, she was probably pretending the last five minutes didn't happen. "Jack and Snot are about to leave for the prison and I couldn't find your notes on Jinx."

"Okay, I'm coming."

Astrid walked swiftly from the room, never turning to look back at Hiccup.

* * *

><p>"But it looks like its all mountain. Why would he buy a hunk of rock?"<p>

"Hm." Wiz leaned into his computer screen, squinting slightly as he examined the satellite image. "They might have a structure _inside_ the mountain."

"Yeah!" Ruff agreed, spinning in her chair. "Easy to hide, hard for people to detect any of your technology, and physically it'd be near impossible to penetrate."

"Except for whatever door they would have to get in." Hiccup leaned over Wiz's shoulder, looking at the image himself. "That's what we need to find."

Jack and Snot had left moments ago to go interrogate Jinx and the group was now eagerly awaiting their return. Of course, they wouldn't even arrive to the prison until morning so they had a couple days to wait for their Colorado trip.

"We also need to make sure every villain isn't waiting inside," Astrid piped up from the back of the room. She'd been herself, _normal_, since she left with Punzie. There was no evidence on hers, or Hiccup's, face of the painful secrets that'd been revealed. "Wait until we know most of them are somewhere else."

"That'll take an insane amount of luck," Tuff sighed next to his sister. "Its not exactly _easy_ _to_ keep track of villains."

"Maybe our next member will have super tracking skills," Punzie said, looking at Astrid for support. "Like a dog."

"I don't think that's a logical gene mutation, Punz," Wiz absentmindedly muttered, still staring intently at the screen.

"Well, I hope they aren't dangerous. It'd be awful if the suits took them away." Hiccup looked at Punzie, but no one else seemed alarmed at her words.

"Um, could you explain that?" He finally asked when no one said anything. Of course it was Astrid who looked over at him.

"Every now and then someone has a power that is dangerous to themselves or people around them, so the suits keep them somewhere safe."

"Oh. Is that why you weren't nice to me when I first came here?"

The corners of Astrid's mouth twitched. "Yep. I didn't know if you'd blow up the building or turn us all to dust."

Hiccup gave a short laugh, thankful Astrid was in a good mood. However, he didn't even want to think about how unhealthy it was that she repeatedly shot down any opportunity to discuss her past. One day, even if it took him locking her in a room until she spilled, he knew he would find out what happened.

"You guys aren't going to believe this," Wiz said suddenly, as a message flashed on his screen. "But our new friend is almost here. Suits' car is leaving the highway now."

"That was quick." Completely unsure of how this was supposed to be handled, Hiccup watched the others. He remembered when he entered this home for the first time, confronted with the sight of the Guardians all in the super suits. "Are we supposed to put our suits on?"

"No," Ruff answered. "We were only in our suits when you showed up because we just got back from a job."

"But I think I want you to go lizard," Astrid said. "Snot isn't here and we don't know what this person could do."

"Go lizard?" Hiccup repeated. "Can't we call it something else? That sounds pretty dumb."

"Hiccup, go grow wings, scales and a tail please."

He pushed himself away from the table and shoved his hands in his pockets as he left the room. "You're no fun."

* * *

><p>Astrid leaned against the back of the couch, absentmindedly picking at a fingernail, waiting for the sound of a descending elevator. Ruff was helping Punzie redo her braid on the other side of the room, while Tuff laid on the ground beside them. Astrid was pretty sure he'd fallen asleep.<p>

They didn't seem as concerned as she was. They'd never been around for when things went wrong with a new member. Astrid had only seen it once, a few months after she arrived. The poor kid was a human bomb, a chemical reaction gone bad. He'd almost destroyed their home before he was taken somewhere safe.

She was pleased, at least, that the large dragon standing behind her sensed her uneasiness. Hiccup's scaly head was resting on the back of the couch beside her, occasionally letting out puffs of smoke and

soft growls. Astrid had to really concentrate to not stare. Hiccup didn't take this form often and she hadn't gotten over howâ€¦_beautiful _it was.

Gently raising a hand, she let her fingers trail along his jaw as she watched the elevator. A low, rumbling escaped Hiccup's throat and Astrid looked over to see his eyes closed.

"Are you purring?" she laughed, continuing the motions with her hand. Hiccup snorted, opening one green eye to glare at her, but the rumbling didn't stop. "Punzie was right. You're just a big puppy."

Suddenly, Hiccup's head snapped up and both eyes shot wide open. Everyone in the room, including Astrid, jumped at the motion. There was steady vibrating sound from inside the wall and Astrid stood up straight, motioning for the others to come over.

"Okay guys. Show time."

Punzie skipped over quickly to stand next to Astrid, a complete opposite to Tuff dragging his feet and yawning. Hiccup quickly moved back, filling the rest of the room so the others could take a spot in front of him.

"I hope it's a dude," Tuff grumbled. "We've got too much estrogen in here."

Seeing the looks the girls shot to Tuff, Hiccup was prepared to break up a fight, but the elevator doors suddenly opened. The figure who stepped out the metal door wasn't what Hiccup had been expecting. He was preparing for someone scared, nervous, maybe even someone having a slight meltdown. God knows he'd been close to having a panic attack when his time came.

But this person was the exact opposite.

It was a man, looking around Snotlout and Hiccup's age, with jet black hair. He was shorter than Hiccup, but had much more beef on him. From under the sleeves of his t-shirt, a long blue tattoo traveled down his arm.

But it wasn't his appearance that had Hiccup stunned, it was his overall attitude. He didn't look amazed or frightened, or even like he cared at all. In fact, the new man looked smug. His smirk was wide and annoying, much like Snotlout's and he sauntered into the room, looking at the faces in front of him with a sort of eagerness.

For a second, his eyes landed on Hiccup. The look he gave him had Hiccup's lip pull back over his teeth and a low growl grew in the back of his throat. Astrid reached behind her, setting a hand on Hiccup's neck and he stopped growling. However, he didn't take his narrowed eyes off the stranger.

"Ugh man, you have no idea how happy I am you're a, well, a man." Tuff let out a happy sigh, while Ruff rolled her eyes. "Welcome aboard."

"Yes! Welcome!" Punzie did an odd little dance and reached out to grasp the man's hand. "I'm Canary-."

"And that's Evo and Battery," the man interrupted. His voice was slick like oil, reminding Hiccup of Lebeau, and he cringed at the sound. "There's the infamous Shadow and Night Fury, acting as the perfect body guard."

He gave another smirk up at Hiccup, who growled back.

"Um, yes," Astrid replied. "Frost and Tank-."

"Are out, but I don't know exactly where," he interrupted again. "But they should be back soon."

Astrid and Punzie shared a glance, but quickly looked back to the man. He didn't seem to care about their apprehension. Instead, he gripped his duffle bag tighter and swung it over his shoulder. "So, what happens now?"

"Well, we have to find out exactly what you can do," Astrid explained. "We're going to take you to a lab down the hallway to find out. I'm sure you have lots of-."

"Not really. I mean, the job is to save people right? Be the hero?"

"Well, yes, but-."

"Then I'm good."

Astrid glanced up at Hiccup as the group started towards the door and he caught her expression of surprise and confusion. After everyone had filed through, he quickly ducked under the wide doorway and squeezed into the hallway to take up the rear.

"Can't he turn back to a human?" the man asked Astrid as they walked. "I thought I saw him do that on the news"

"Yes, but he's staying like that in case something happens."

"Do I have to go in the lab if I already know what I can do?"

The group stopped their walking and Astrid faced the man wither her eyebrows raised. "You already know? Why didn't you-?"

"I just thought I would wait until you asked. I can hear people."

Punzie bit her lip nervously. "What do you mean '_hear people_'?"

"Inside your heads. I can hear what you're immediately thinking. At least, if I focus on you I can. When I don't focus, it's just little whispers."

If their jaws could reach the floors, they would have. Astrid's panicked eyes met Hiccup's over the heads of everyone else for a split moment, before landing back on the stranger. "You can _read _our minds?"

"Not really. Just a main idea of whatever thought is running through

your head. Except him." Everyone looked up at Hiccup as the man raised a finger to him. "I can't hear him."

"His head isn't fully human," Astrid explained.

Tuff laughed loudly, bending over and slapping the man on the back. "Dude! That's awesome! We're going to be great friends. What's your name anyways?"

"Dagur."

* * *

><p>"I'm just saying, if you and Hiccup are allowed to, then I'm definitely going for it."<p>

"No one is allowed to do that, not even me and Hiccup."

Snotlout rolled his eyes as they drove through the iron gates leading up the prison. It'd been a long night of driving and both boys were eager to have this ordeal over with.

"You can't lie to me ice boy," Snotlout argued. "Astrid and Hiccup are totally going at it and you're just lying if you say they aren't."

"But-."

"And don't even get me started on you and the kid. All I'm saying, is I'm going for it."

"You're going to get yourself electrocuted."

"Only if she says no."

They pulled up to the front, made sure their masks were on securely and stepped out of the car. Jack was anxious to drop the conversation and focus on questioning Jinx.

"When we get inside, let me do the talking."

"No way, man. I'm-."

"How about neither of you speak to her at all."

Jack and Snotlout froze in front of the entrance. Inside the doorway was a woman with an impeccably clean suit and auburn hair back in a tight bun. Several men were stationed just behind her, all wearing black suits.

Her smile grew, tight and rigid, as Jack and Snotlout eyed her nervously. "Oh dear, someone is in trouble."

From behind her, Cecelia Crowe withdrew a newspaper. Tossing it to Jack, both boys looked down and noticed the whole thing was in French. On the front page, there was a blurry picture of a large black shape, with wide wings, flying in the sky.

"Now, would one of you mind telling me what you're all up to?"

* * *

><p>reviews please :)

16. We Have a Job To Do

I know you should love your writing, but this chapter was really difficult for some reason. I think I rewrote it close to ten times before I finally just settled. So, I could definitely use some constructive criticism on this one you guys.

* * *

><p>Astrid stood in front of one of the floor length mirrors in the infirmary, wearing only a sports bra on her torso and clutching a small pair of scissors. Under Hiccup's disapproving gaze, she'd already cut away half her stitches, earning herself a small, but harmless, trail of blood.<p>

Hiccup was his normal self again, rummaging around in Ruff's medical cabinets looking for some ointment to put on her stomach. He hadn't participated much when they were testing Dagur's skills, which proved to be small, but useful. Hiccup had stayed in background, watching as they discovered Dagur had no other super ability besides reading their immediate thoughts. Anytime Astrid had peaked a glance at him during the evening, his large green eyes had been slits against the black scales.

"You're quiet," Astrid commented, cutting another black string. She heard the cabinets slam shut, but there was no answer. "You think Dagur will do alright here?"

"Can we not talk about him?"

Astrid glanced around, raising an eyebrow at his sullen voice. He was at the counter, dunking a rag into some clear liquid. "What's your problem?"

As she pulled her sweatpants down the tiniest bit and clipped away at the last line, Hiccup appeared beside her. "Just come here," he mumbled, taking away the scissors and pressing the rag to her healing scar. Astrid hissed at the stinging sensation and Hiccup gave her half a smile. "Sorry."

"You never answered my question."

He sighed and continued gently dabbing, staring intently at her flat stomach. "I don't like him."

"Who? Dagur?" she asked, confused. "He hasn't done anything."

"I _know_," Hiccup said, quietly. "He's just-I can't explain it. It just doesn't feel right. He's too happy to be here." He finished wiping the wound and he gently placed a new white bandage on Astrid's stomach. His fingers lingered over her waist longer than necessary, almost like he was debating pulling her in for a hug, but decided against it. His arms fell limply to his sides.

"It's not a bad thing if someone comes in confidently," she argued.

"I was actually pretty impressed with how well he adjusted so quickly."

"That's not normal," he whispered urgently, slightly bending his torso to look her in the eyes. "He shouldn't have been adjusted to whatever the hell he did to get this way before he even got here."

"You were rather happy you're first night here," she pointed out, tightly folding her arms across her chest.

"That was different." Hiccup clutched her arms in desperate attempt for her to understand him, but all it really did was pull her in closer to his chest. "Anyone would be a little excited about finding out they could turn into a dragon and see in the dark. He came here acting like he already knew everything. He didn't even care. That doesn't seem odd to you?"

"Well, it was unusual," she admitted, biting on her bottom lip. "But from what I can tell, he seems harmless. We can't just kick him out because you have an odd feeling. I didn't think much of you when you first came here, but we didn't get rid of you."

"Thanks," Hiccup mumbled, sarcastically. He let go of her arms, but Astrid didn't step away. "I guess I'm just overreacting."

"Maybe that dragon in you is getting territorial," she laughed, poking him hard in chest. Hiccup pouted and rubbed the spot, earning himself another one of her giggles. For a second, he thought about how nice it would if it was like this all the time. Maybe if he had met Astrid at school or maybe work, neither of them a Guardian and living normal lives, things would be different between them; no stress or tension.

Astrid's smile disappeared, almost as if she was thinking the same thing. Hiccup could see everything written across her face, all the pain and confusion she hid so easily. She was so used to running from her problems, Hiccup half-expected her to bolt from the room when the mood changed. However, making the breath catch in his throat, Astrid wrapped her arms snuggly around his torso and leaned her head against his chest.

"Thank you," she mumbled into his shirt. "For earlier." Hiccup put his arms around Astrid, feeling her small, but strong, body mold into his. Laying a hand on her blonde hair, he didn't say a word. "It does bother me. I miss them a lot. Not every day though. I try not to think about it, but sometimes I imagine going to see them, confessing to them that I've been alive all this time."

"What's stopping you?"

"I can't." Astrid turned her head and looked up at him as she spoke, her blue eyes shining bright behind her bangs. "It's selfish, but I can't do it. They've been laying flowers at my grave, alongside my brother's, for four years. I can't admit to them that it was all pointless."

"Maybe when all this is over, you can." Hiccup gave her a small smile that she returned. "After we get this whole mess fixed and things quiet down, you can put your focus on that."

Astrid lightly shook her head, almost like she didn't believe it was possible, but her expression stayed light. She brought her fingers to his chest, tangling them in the front of his shirt. Hiccup's stomach knotted when he saw the unfamiliar look in her eyes as she pressed herself closer to him. Her skin seared through his jacket, sending shocks to every tip of his body. He was suddenly very aware of his hands and how awkward they felt holding her.

She was too close to him now. Astrid's warm breath caressed his face as the sparking blue eyes grew closer.

"The rules haven't changed," she whispered up at him. Hiccup bent his head, ignoring her statement, angling himself closer to her, but Astrid slightly pulled her head away. Their noses and foreheads bumped each other. "We still have a job to do."

"I know," he answered. "You can't worry about me and I can't worry about you." One of Hiccup's hands unwound from around her, travelling down her side until he gently gripped the small expanse of her waist. "Is that what you really want?"

Astrid didn't pull away. Her eyes closed and she slowly shook her head again. "This-we can't. This isn't supposed to happen."

"Who cares?" he demanded quietly. "You don't always have to follow the rules."

"Hiccup-."

"And I'd like to point out, you're the one who stepped closer to _me_."

There was a silent pause, then without warning Astrid was pressing her lips firmly against his. It was like he shoved a knife through an electrical outlet. Shocks surged through his body, radiating to the very tip of his fingers and toes as Hiccup's eyes closed, his lips molding slowly to the girl in front of him.

She was everything his guilty daydreams imagined she would be. Small hands tugged on his shirt while his dug with a bruising grip into her hip, being cautious of the white bandage. When his callused fingers tangled in her blonde hair, her gasp against his mouth allowed him to explore her further.

Just as he memorizing her taste, a mixture of something painfully sweet and exotic, there was a creak from the other side of the room. Astrid jerked away from Hiccup with lightning speed, flinging her hands from his chest and whirling on the spot.

Hiccup, who was still red in the face and in slight disbelief at what just happened, narrowed his eyes over her head when he saw the figure in the doorway.

"Da-Dagur!" Astrid gasped, pushing a strand of blonde hair behind her ear.

Hiccup's hands didn't leave her waist and, keeping eye contact with the smirking man in the doorway, he yanked Astrid so that her back pressed against his chest.

"Ah, so this is the man behind the dragon." Dagur almost looked amused from his spot leaning against the doorway. "We haven't met when you aren't covered in scales."

"Um, yeah this is Hiccup," Astrid stammered, "who I _thought _had super hearing." She glared up at him and Hiccup shrugged in response.

"I was distracted. Is there something you needed?"

"Actually, yes." Dagur pushed away from the wall and smiled at Astrid. "It's getting pretty late and no one has showed me where I'm sleeping."

"Oh, sorry," Astrid replied, pulling away from Hiccup. She grabbed her t-shirt from the counter and shrugged it on as she walked. "You're in between Hiccup and Jack. I'll show you."

Without giving Hiccup a second glance, she strode from the room with Dagur at her side.

* * *

><p>He originally planned on going back to his room, but Hiccup quickly caught the smell of something in the kitchen and his stomach got the better of him. That's how he found himself leaning against the counter, shoving a cookie into his mouth, as Punzie slid a pie into the oven.<p>

"Why aren't you in bed?" he asked through a full mouth.

Punzie walked to Hiccup's other side and began kneading another ball of dough, before she answered. "I miss Jack. This keeps me busy."

"They'll be at the prison in the morning," Hiccup assured her. "Once they talk to Jinx, he'll be back."

"I know," she smiled. "I'm not worried. I just miss him is all. Not as bad as Astrid would miss you though."

Hiccup paused, then shoved another cookie into his mouth. "I don't think she'd miss me that much, Punz." Especially judging by the way she stormed from the room just a few moments ago. Punzie gave him a sad smile, dusting more flour over the countertop.

"You just don't know her as well as I do."

Hiccup was about to argue, when he could suddenly hear familiar footsteps coming down the hallway. Shoving away from the counter, he gave Punzie an appreciative hug around the shoulders before striding out the door.

Astrid was just rounding the corner, Dagur free, when he stepped out. Catching his eye, she smiled widely, and as she hurried to him, Hiccup had a sudden realization. It didn't matter what she did. Astrid could slice his throat and rip a hole through his chest and he realized he'd do _anything_ to see that smile on her face again.

Hiccup was a lost cause.

"I was just looking for you. I think we need to talk." The words were harmless enough, but he still felt a sense of dread when she slowly shut the door to the kitchen, making sure they weren't overheard.

"Yeah, we do." Hiccup agreed.

"I meant what I said, Hiccup." Her voice wasn't upset, but her jaw set firmly. "We both still have a job to do. This won't get in the way of that. There's too much going on for me to focus on you right now."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and ran a free hand through his hair.
"Astrid-."

"_Hiccup. _I mean it."

He stared back at her, but her penetrating gaze didn't waver. When it was obvious she wasn't going to budge, Hiccup gave an exasperated sigh. "Fine. I promise I won't screw the job up."

"Okay."

"Okay? That's it?"

Astrid's cheeks grew pink and she gave nervous shrug. "Um, yeah. The job comes first. As long as you know that, then there's nothing else."

There was still so much. All the things Hiccup wanted to ask her, find out about her, just kept adding up on an endless list. The conversations they needed to have weren't even close to being over, no matter how much Astrid tried to ignore them. However, despite all of this, he found himself nodding.

"Um, yeah. Okay then goodnight."

"Goodnight, Hiccup."

* * *

><p>He didn't sleep that night. Every time Hiccup closed his eyes, she was there. His mind raced with images of blue orbs and blonde hair and it was all because of one kiss. They weren't even couple. Hell, he wasn't exactly sure what they were, although he was sure Astrid still considered him a friend.

He knew there were more important things he should have been focusing on. Any day now, the villains could be taking over the world and here he was losing sleep over blue eyed blonde. Hiccup almost wanted to laugh; in a sick, pathetic sort of way. She'd clawed her way into his head so deep, he wasn't sure if he'd ever get her out.

"You look tired."

Hiccup leaned back in his chair, finishing a yawn, before nodding slowly. "Didn't sleep much last night." Ruff rubbed her fingers

together and leaned over, but Hiccup shot her a glare. "I don't need _that _kind of wake up, thanks."

Wiz sat at his desk, going over his multiple screens, while Hiccup and the twins lazily watched. No one else was awake yet and Hiccup was appreciating not having to force conversation with anyone.

"So, is this all everyone does? When do we get to kick some ass?" Dagur popped into the room, sliding into the chair in between Hiccup and twins. Wiz shared a look with Hiccup before looking back at his screen.

"We wait until we're called," Hiccup said. "Besides, there's bigger stuff going on now."

"Oh yeah, that's what Shadow-I mean, Astrid-was saying." Dagur suddenly leaned over and slapped Hiccup on the back, enthusiastically nodding his head. "By the way man, nice! Never would have guessed she'd go for a guy like you."

"Uh, thanks."

"No seriously. I mean, when I first saw her I thought I was going to have to try and get a piece of that," Dagur chuckled. Hiccup bit back a growl. "Didn't know dragon boy here had dibs." He gave a playful punch to Tuff's shoulder. "Should have warned me the hottest girl here wasn't up for grabs."

"Wait, wait, wait," Tuff laughed, leaning over the table. "Hiccup and Astrid-?"

Ruff laughed loudly, leaning back in her chair. Even Wiz turned around to listen. Hiccup felt his face heat up and wondered what kind of hit he would receive from the current girl they were discussing when she found out everyone knew now.

"I can't believe she didn't tell me!" Ruff beamed. "Damn, way to go Haddock."

"Dude, I need the dirty details," Tuff hissed. "Bro code man!"

"There's nothing to tell," Hiccup muttered. "Drop it before I get in trouble."

"We know who wears the pants." Ruff muttered while Tuff and Dagur snorted.

Hiccup was about to push away from the table, maybe take his bike out for a little while, when there was a beeping sound from one of Wiz's screen.

"Um, the C.I.A is on their way here," Wiz said, watching the screen in disbelief. "They'll be here in a few minutes."

The laughing in the room ceased and Hiccup shared a skeptical look with the twins. "But-but the satellite hasn't found anyone. What did we do?"

Wiz paused for a minute, then looked nervously at the others. "Has

anyone talked to Jack and Snotlout this morning?"

* * *

><p>As much as I love this story, I am even more excited now that I'm over this "hump." Plot gets heavier after this everyone!

17. Hopeless Group

I don't have a valid excuse for why this took so long. All I can say is that I'm extremely sorry. As a writer, I write what gets stuck in my head. As new ideas from different sources pop up, I have to write it down. For a while, HtTYD wasn't at the top of my list. Once again, I apologize and thank you all for still having an interest.

* * *

><p>It had only taken a moment. Everything happened too quickly after Wiz's unanswered question was asked. For a moment, time was still. The air was heavy with cold realization as the eyes in the room locked together. Then, it was chaos; a blur.<p>

The twins and Hiccup threw themselves from the room in a frantic rush. They all barked various commands; to each other and Dagur who was stumbling after them. Hiccup's head was too heavy. No coherent thoughts were running through it as he slid in front of Punzie's room, banging his fist on her door and shouting the news Wiz told them. He did the same to Astrid's. If he'd had the time, he would have commented on the dark circles under her eyes, giving away her sleepless night, but the C.I.A was a more pressing issue.

Astrid jumped into action. All it took was her to hear a fraction of Hiccup's shouted explanation and she was in her element. The twins and Dagur had already grabbed their masks and made their way upstairs. Ignoring their petty relationship problems and feelings, Hiccup yanked on his mask as he ran after Astrid. Punzie was on his heels, demanding answers that he shouted over his shoulder.

It had only taken a moment for their morning to be thrown into chaos. It had taken another moment for them to be thrown into silence again.

Standing outside the small house that hid their complex, Hiccup was aware of how far from heroic looking they were; he was in baggy sweatpants, the girls still had sleep shorts hanging off their hips, and Tuff's bed hair was practically standing straight up. However, taking a glance at Astrid, she still looked lethal.

"Don't kill anyone," he told her as a cloud of dust appeared in the distance. "We don't know what they want."

"Jack and Snot leave to talk to a villain and then they show up," she snarled, eyes narrowing toward the road. "That isn't a coincidence. They're getting in my way."

Hiccup knew the government was probably well aware of the Guardians wrath when you came in between them and their job. Watching the

approaching cars in the distance, he wondered what was so important they would risk the anger of a super.

Dagur, although Hiccup realized reluctantly that his power would be helpful in this situation, had been instructed to stay inside with Wiz. With no training whatsoever, let alone a _mask_, there was quite a bit of harm the newbie could do.

"Don't give anything away," Astrid continued, louder so the others would pay attention. "They don't need to know what we're up to."

"What if they're just here to give Jack and Snot back?" Punzie questioned. The cloud of dust was larger now. Hiccup could make out several outline of cars speeding their way.

"Why would they take them in the first place?" Ruff spat on the ground and wrinkled her nose towards the road. "Damn suits."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Hang on, we don't even know they took them. They could just be mad we sent them and want to talk about it."

"I highly doubt that," Astrid muttered lowly from beside him as several black SUVs came into view. The Guardians didn't flinch as the slid to stop on the gravel road, sending dust and rocks flying their way. There was no sign of their last two members as several men in dark suits jumped from the seats. Hiccup shifted uneasily as Cecelia Crow appeared from the closest car, her white suit crisp and too clean.

"What do you want?" Astrid wasted no time in front of the dozen of government officials in front of them. "You don't normally make house calls."

Agent Crowe smiled tightly, taking a step in front of her line of men. One by one, she looked at each of them, her smile twisting into an annoyed sneer before speaking. "Always so welcoming, Shadow."

Astrid crossed her arms. "Last I checked, assassins weren't meant to be welcoming. What are you doing here?"

"Please," Agent Crowe snorted, giving a short laugh. "Don't play dumb. It's insulting. You know exactly why I'm here. What are you doing?"

"That's none of your business," Ruffnut spat. "We're supposed to keep the country safe. Not give you detailed reports of our actions."

"Then enlighten me on why you _left _the country." From behind her back, she withdrew a crumpled paper and tossed it to Hiccup. He snatched it from the air and looked sideways at his friends before looking down. The French words unfamiliar to him, but the blurry picture was an image he could see in a mirror if he wished.

A painful knot twisted in his stomach. Glancing at Astrid, who was leaning up on her toes to peer at the paper, he wasn't surprised to see her face as emotionless he _hoped _his looked.

"So what?" Astrid demanded, turning her attention to the woman in front of them. "It's not like a secret that we exist."

Agent Crowe narrowed her eyes. "That's not the issue. I don't care about some fuzzy picture on a trashy magazine. I want to know what you were up to in France."

"Up to?" Ruff cackled, along with her brother. "Hiccup can't take a vacation?"

Hiccup wasn't sure what they expected, but he wasn't surprised when Crowe clicked her tongue impatiently. She was silent for a moment, with arms crossed, and eyes in slits before looking back to Astrid. "Alright, I'm done. You honestly expect me to believe you showing up at a maximum-security prison and making a detour in Paris is all a coincidence?"

"We were just checking in on Jinx," Astrid lied smoothly. "Wanted to make sure she was enjoying her stay."

"Oh God." She rolled her eyes. "At least next time make sure your whole group has the same cover story. It's sad."

Astrid faltered. Ever so slightly she glanced to Hiccup and the others beside her. There wasn't time for her to answer though. Punzie, of all people, took a step forward.

"Where's Frost?" she demanded, blonde braid swinging behind her. "Why didn't you bring them home?"

"Because I'm not done with them," Agent Crowe replied smugly. "We're holding them until further notice."

"You-you can't do that!" Astrid's hands dropped to fists at her sides. Hiccup started to move, to grab her in case she lashed out, but luckily the assassin stayed in place. "You can't keep them! They didn't do anything wrong!"

"It's against the law," Hiccup retorted, speaking up for the first time since the cars pulled up. "You aren't allowed to hold someone without a cause."

Crowe laughed. Hiccup glared while she tried to keep a straight face as she spoke. "Against the law? Do you really think everyday laws pertain to us? We deal with the supernatural. We're allowed to do whatever the hell we want to, as long as it protects the country. With you and your buddies hopping all over the world, we have complete immunity. Maybe if you all would just work with us, we wouldn't have to resort to holding your friends."

"We already told you-."

"There isn't anything to tell," Astrid argued. "We aren't doing anything."

The silence was deafening and the tension thick enough to slice with a knife. For a split second, Hiccup was worried there'd be a fight. It'd be no question on what side would win, but he wasn't interested in taking out high ranking members of the U.S. government. Thankfully, after several silence filled seconds of hatred filled

glares, Cecelia Crowe took a step back to her car.

"Okay." She clicked her tongue. "That's fine. Since you won't tell us, don't expect your friends back anytime soon. We'll just get our answers from them."

No one said anything. They remained there, silent and still in their pajamas, as the black cars disappeared on the dusty road.

* * *

><p>It was hours before anyone calmed down long to actually sit down and talk. Astrid had gone on a shouting spree, slamming her fists into doors and knocking things off tables as she hissed curses and insults. Punzie cried, quietly and alone curled up in an arm chair while Hiccup shook so badly he phased, roaming the halls and spitting out coughs of fire. The twins were surprisingly calm, filling in Dagur and Wiz on what they'd witnessed.<p>

"They know we're lying," Astrid addressed the others later that afternoon, "but personally I'd rather handle this ourselves. I don't trust her."

"She took Jack and Snotlout," Ruff scoffed. "Obviously we don't want her help, but how're we supposed to handle the mountain situation and this."

"She's right," Wiz piped up. "Just looking at it from a strategy standpoint, you need the man power."

"Times running out," Hiccup growled impatiently. "We don't know what the villains are planning and we need to find out fast. There's no time to wait around for Crowe to give up Snotlout and Jack."

For a small moment, no one said anything. Astrid looked carefully at everyone, running a shaking hand through her hair before speaking. "I trust all of you in this room more than anyone else."

"I just met all of you," Dagur smirked. Hiccup rolled his eyes. "But I like you guys."

Astrid ignored his comment. "If you guys feel the same, then I think I have a way to get us out of this mess."

"Sure, Astrid."

"Yeah, I think it's safe to say we'd all die for each other."

"Good." She sighed nervously, before continuing. "Then I think we need to go rogue. We'll get Jack and Snot back and go to the mountain to find out what they're up to. We prepare here, then stay under the radar."

"Are-are you saying we break in?" Punzie looked cautiously at the others in the room as she spoke.

"Yes, but not to get them back. I also want inside the prison. We need that talk with Jinx."

"Astridâ€|" Tuff seemed momentarily loss for words.
"That's-."

"Crazy?" Dagur supplied.

"Listen, I know it's risky, but if our own government isn't helping us, then they're against us. Crowe is making everything that much more difficult. We need to lose her, which is where Wiz will come in. We'll leave you here, make it look like we split and left you behind. This can _work _you guys. By the sounds of it, if we don't stop them our world will be gone anyways. We might as well risk it all."

"I love gambling," Tuff smiled, grinning at the potherers around the table, "so I'm in."

"I can't let my dumb brother go alone," Ruff groaned. "Let's do it."

Astrid beamed and looked expectantly at the others.

"Of course I won't let you go with me," Punzie smiled, "and I guess it'll be nice to have Jack back."

"I don't know how any of this works yet," Dagur explained, "but I don't want to be left behind with the computer nerd."

She looked to Hiccup, who couldn't help grinning at her hopeful face. Going rogue was risky; there'd be no backup and who knew, if they succeeded, if the country would welcome them back with open arms. However, this was his life now; this hopeless group of young adults were everything.

"Just tell me what to do Chief."

End
file.